

The Western Witness.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

VOL. VI.—No. 24

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

An Association of Catholic Veterans Formed.

BALTIMORE'S NEW CHIMES.

Items of Interest From all Sections, Countries and Religious Orders. Readable News.

The Right Rev. Bishop Bonacum of Lincoln, Nebraska, has gone to Europe to obtain young priests and seminarians for his diocese.

It is a fact that no Catholic citizen, ecclesiastical or lay, has been invited to participate in the opening ceremonies of the World's Fair at Chicago.

The Syracuse Catholic Publishing Company has been organized at Syracuse, N. Y., to publish a new Catholic paper to be known as the "Catholic Sun."

The Abbe Taschereau, nephew of the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, and another relative of his Eminence Abbe Casgain, returning from the Holy Land, passed through Rome recently, en route to Canada.

The Church of Notre Dame, Vernon Place and Sidney street, recently dedicated is one of the most magnificent temples of worship in the country. It is 103x130 feet and cost over \$100,000, has a \$5,000 organ and can seat nearly 2000 people.

Rev. P. J. O'Connell of St. Stephen's Church, Washington, has just returned a gold watch to Miss Carrie Baumgarten of that city, which was stolen from her in the fall of 1890. Father O'Connell had the watch for over a year, during which he could not find the owner. It was restored at the confessional by the thief.

The Grand Army of the Republic attended divine services on Memorial Sunday at the Cathedral, Duluth, Minn. The congregation joined in the hymn "Soldier of Christ, Arise," "Come, O Creator" and "Nearer my God to Thee." The first one before mass, the second preceding the sermon and the third at the end of the mass.

The St. Vincent de Paul Societies of New England States have a membership of 1109 and during 1891 they relieved 1686 families, visited poor people 25,396 times, had on their rolls 541 families to be cared for, procured situations for 173 persons. Their receipts were \$36,970 and expenditures \$36,680, and they have in their treasury balances aggregating \$13,267.

The Redemptorist Fathers have permanently established themselves on the Pacific Coast. Last May, in compliance with the request of Bishop Junger, they took charge of the Sacred Heart Church, Seattle. Since then they have erected a convent, built a school and purchased a dwelling for the Sisters. The school is conducted by the Dominican Sisters. About 200 children, boys and girls are attending.

We recently recorded the brave rescue of a young Parisian from drowning in the Mediterranean. The hero of the incident was Father Duren of the La Crosse diocese, as we then reported. The good priest has since received from the young lady's father, a millionaire banker, the generous donation of \$50,000. The money will be devoted to charitable purposes, and is far less than the grateful father sought to press upon Father Duren.

St. Alphonsus' Catholic Church, Baltimore, is to have the largest and finest set of chimes in America and perhaps the largest in the world. There will be fifteen bells in the

chime, the largest three 908 pounds in weight and the smallest 250 pounds, the others ranging in regular scale. Their weight is to be 24,000 pounds. The chimes will be erected on the English plan, so that they can be rung as a set of chimes or a peal of bells.

Mother Benedict, Superioress of the Order of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, accompanied by fourteen other Sisters of the Order from different points in the West, is on the way to Angiers, France. They go to attend the chapter meeting of the Order for the purpose of electing a superior governess. The Sisters sailed on one of the French line of steamers for Havre, whence they go by rail to Angiers. The election of a superior governess, who is the head of the Order in the world, takes place every six years.

His Holiness has sanctioned the acceptance by propaganda of the resignation by Rev. J. C. K. Laflamme, professor and secretary of the Laval University, of his appointment as successor of Archbishop Begin in the See of Chicoutimi, Canada, and the selection of the future titular of that diocese in the person of Rev. M. T. Labrecque, director of the Grand Seminary of Quebec and professor in the Laval University. The new Bishop is an alumnus of the French Seminary in Rome, where he made brilliant studies.

On the day that at Rome, says the Liverpool "Times," the miraculously preserved body of St. Pius V. is shown, the sarcophagus is opened and the body, perfect even to the flowing beard, is seen, and all around are placed beautiful flowers sent from the Vatican gardens. This remarkable Pope saw many great events in his six years' reign (1566-72)—the victory of Lepanto, the fall of the Huguenots in France, etc. He revised the Missal and Breviary. He wrote to and consoled Mary Queen of Scots in her prison, and he excommunicated Elizabeth, her persecutor. The likeness between the dead Pope and the grand statue above the tomb is remarkable. The statue is enthroned between statues of St. Dominic and St. Peter, martyr.

The Catholic Veteran Association has been organized by a number of soldiers of the Civil War, who are of our faith and who reside in Albany, N. Y. The purposes of the organization are to meet annually, and to have requiem masses said on Decoration Day for the repose of the souls of deceased Catholic Soldiers. The dues are fifty cents a year, and go to defray the expenses attending the spiritual work of mercy which is the mainspring of the society. The Albany camp has 250 members. All Catholic veterans, whether they belong to the G. A. R. or not, are eligible to membership. Bishop McNeirny approves and recommends the Association. Persons wishing to join it or to start branches should address Major James MacFarland, Press Office, 18 Beaver street, Albany, N. Y.

An Anglican bazaar was opened recently in Glasgow by the Marquis of Huntly, who took occasion to say: "In St. Andrew's Church they possessed a most valuable relic. He believed that a piece of the high altar of Iona was in the altar of St. Andrew's Episcopal church in Glasgow. That took them back to the first mission founded by St. Columba in these islands in the beginning of the sixth century. It was a very great thing to think that St. Andrew's possessed a relic from the high altar of the Church of Iona. Another of their relics was the candlesticks upon the altar, which were made from the old oak wood from the Stockwell Bridge, which was built by Bishop Rae." It is bad enough to see good Anglicans getting so Papistical as to have relics of any sort, but what does it portend when the most valuable relic is a piece of a Catholic altar? Glasgow Observer.

PASTORAL ON EDUCATION.

Bishop Matz of Denver Denounces the Faribault Plan.

A FORCIBLE DOCUMENT.

A Few Pointers for Our School Committee to Ponder Over—Will They See the Drift?

Bishop Matz of Denver has just issued a pastoral on Catholic education which is of special interest owing to its references to the Faribault plan:

"The late decision of the Holy See on the Faribault plan has prompted us to address you in a special letter on the all important question of Christian and Catholic education. We were especially urged to take this step by the position taken by the press of Colorado and the issue that was made over the decision of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. No effort has been spared to blind you as to the real meaning of the sentence pronounced on the Faribault plan. You have been led by designing and unscrupulous newspaper editorials to believe that the Catholic Church has made a radical change in her position on the school question—a new departure from the grand ideal, for which she labored and fought and shed her blood for 1800 years. It is to set you right on this grave question that we propose to explain again to you, as we have already done on previous occasions, the true position of the Church on education.

It is the anti-Christian tendency of our age, striving to impress its godless spirit upon the rising generation, that has forced the Catholic Church to entrench herself more than ever behind the wall of a thorough Catholic Christian education. It needs but a moment's reflection for any man of common sense to see that if the Church does not devote herself to the education of youth her mission is a failure and her very existence is threatened with speedy ruin.

DECREES OF THE COUNCIL.

In 1884 more than eighty bishops met in National Council in Baltimore. Upwards of fifty of the 182 pages of the volume entitled "Acts and Decrees of the Third Plenary Council" are taken up almost exclusively with the schools. The following are the decrees formulated by them on parochial schools:

"We determine and decree: "I. That hard by every Church where it does not already exist, a parochial school is to be erected within two years from the promulgation of this council, and to be kept in the future, unless the bishops see fit to grant a further delay on account of more than ordinary grave difficulties to be overcome in its establishment.

"II. That a priest who, within the aforesaid time, hinders, by serious negligence the building end maintenance of a school, * * * deserves removal from that Church.

"III. That the mission or parish neglecting to aid the priest in the erection and support of a school, is to be reprimanded by the Bishop, and by every prudent and efficient means urged to supply the necessary help.

"IV. That all Catholic parents are bound to send their children to parochial schools, unless they provide sufficiently and fully for their Christian education at home or at some other Catholic school.

NOT APPROVED.

But some may say: Has not Rome approved the Faribault plan? and does not that permit us to send our children to the public schools, provided half an hour or an hour's

religious instruction be given them daily outside the school hours by the pastor, or some other competent person?

To which we emphatically answer, no, Rome has not approved the Faribault plan. The teaching of the Church, as already explained, is a sufficient guarantee that Rome did not and never will give her approval to any such system of education. The official decision referred to merely tolerates the Faribault plan where it already exists. It in no way approves, much less encourages its adoption as praiseworthy. On the contrary, it not obscurely expresses the Holy See's disapproval of it, for it distinctly states that the toleration it extends to it, in the instances in which it has been actually adopted, is without prejudice to the principles and rulings of the Baltimore decrees. And these in unmistakable terms, as we have seen pronounced for schools wholly and purely Catholic throughout all the school hours.

What! Rome approve of a system which withdraws the child during the principal part of the day, and during the most critical years of its life, from all religious influence—a system which interdicts all religious practices and all emblems of devotion, even the very image of the Saviour Himself; nay more, a system which will not allow the Saviour's holy name to be even mentioned in the school-room while it allows full liberty to read and learn and speak the names and history even of those whose object in life was and is to bring to naught that loving Saviour's blessed and heavenly mission! "Suffer," says Christ, our Lord, as He tenderly laid His hands on them and blessed them, "the little children to come unto me, for the kingdom of Heaven is for such." (Math. 19; 14.)

(Continued on Page 2.)

IRISH NOTES.

There died a few days ago at Slad, barony of Forth, an old woman named Margaret Harpur, who lived to the age of 110 years. She was born the year of the great volunteer movement, and was 16 years old the year of the insurrection, of many incidents of which she possessed a vivid recollection.

Nearly six years ago Michael Denovan of Glanstore, near Conna, was evicted from his holding by Mr. Pope, since which he lived in a hut erected by the Nationalists. Donovan has been allowed to sell his interest in the holding, for which he received £285, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

During an interesting lecture in the Cork Archeological Society last week, one of the relics described and exhibited was a silver chalice, dated 1648, lent by Mrs. O'Brien, Kings Square, Mitchelstown. It is engraved with a crucifix of our Lord and has an inscription around the base.

Captain Hall and a party of bailiffs at Newton last week surprised some fishermen poaching for salmon. The latter attacked them with oars, bottles, and loaded butts. The bailiffs and Captain Hall, who fired his revolver, defended themselves as best they could. The poachers rowed in to shore and escaped over the slob, abandoning their nets and boats.

The nuns of the Convent of Mercy of Skibbereen, who established the weaving of the finest linen by hand-loom in the south of Ireland, with the view of giving employment to the poor girls by teaching them a profitable trade, have sent to Sir Thomas Brady a specimen of their weaving in the shape of pocket-handkerchiefs beautifully embroidered. Sir Thomas has shown them to one of the first experts in Dublin, who has declared them to be "first class work."

CALIFORNIA IN MISSIONS.

Character and Condition of the "Diggers" of This State.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Personal Habits, Their Boats, Implements of the Chase and Method of Disposing of Their Dead.

(Continued.)

In their personal habits they are quite far from being tidy, viewed from the highest standpoint of decency and cleanliness, but viewed in the light that is generally thrown upon the Indians of California, they are remarkably neat and clean.

The tourist or stranger on the streets of Lakeport is surprised to see the really tidy and cleanly appearance of the Indians that are seen there. Several white men in this section cohabit with the tawny daughters of the forest, and there are quite a number of half-breed children in this country as a result. These children are unfortunate, because they are too good to associate with the people of their mothers, and are not a whit better than their mother's people in the estimation of the whites. They are sometimes sent to public schools, and this causes trouble, for white parents do not wish their children, especially their daughters, to grow up in such close relations to them. The half-breeds are here despised by the white people and consequently are counted to the Indians. Well, my dear reader, if these Indians are what their aboriginal brothers were of the East, it would not be so very bad, for who that has aboriginal blood in him is not proud of it? Who was a more worthy progenitor than the great and noble minded Logan, the Mingo chief? But these are different people in every respects, especially intellectually.

Their weapons were bows and arrows, spears, and sometimes clubs. The bows were well made, from two and one-half to three feet long, and backed with sinew. The string of wild flax or sinew, and partially covered with bird's down or a piece of skin to deaden the twang. Their arrows were short, made of reed or light wood and winged with three or four feathers. The head was of obsidian, chiefly found in this section, as it is shewn all over the face of the country. The spears were about five feet in length and were usually pointed with obsidian, though sometimes the wood was hardened at the point by subjecting it to the action of fire. To this list of weapons must be added the sling, which was with the Lake Indians a very effectual implement of warfare. As stated above they were very proficient in its use, and could hurl a stone with such force and precision that many an enemy fell beneath its force. They had no tomahawks as their Eastern brethren, and did not practice scalping.

They had but few implements of domestic economy, the basket being the most useful of all. This was made of fine grass, so closely woven together as to hold water. In this their food was boiled when occasion required, by placing the food and water in the basket and heating it by immersing hot stones. The flat surface of a heated stone served all the purposes of baking, and a spit an iron prong to roast meat on, was used in broiling. But it must be remembered that a large percentage of their food, such as roots, berries, seeds, and even a large portion of meats was eaten in an uncooked condition. For knives they used the sharp edge of a flat stone, and by patient perseverance were enabled to

accomplish wonders with flint instruments, as is evinced by the beauty of and the work put upon their shell money.

Bancroft states that the existence and quality of the boats used by any primitive race is a good index of their advancement, intellectually both in power and process. Taking this as an indicator of the grade of their intelligence, the Clear Lake Indians come to the front again. The Indians of Upper California were almost wholly ignorant of navigation. Their only method of crossing streams was by means of rafts constructed of bundles of brush bound together, somewhat similar but far inferior to the balsas used by the Peruvian Indians upon Lake Titicaca, for up among the Andes. The Clear Lake Indians had boats, which though not of wood, were really canoes, and the old Indian will shake his head and say: "Old canoe mucho wano; log canoe no mucho wano." These old boats were constructed in this wise: A willow pole was taken for a keel, and properly shaped by placing it between stones and weights. Withes of proper length were then taken and fastened to the keel just as the ribs of a boat are, and shaped up and attached to another pole used as a gunwale. Tule was then interwoven between the ribs of the boat and made as compact as possible. It is true that the boat leaked, but what did they care for that. They were always naked anyway. They were sure of one thing, their boat would never founder at sea or capsize, for the roughest seas could not put more water in them than there was, and the weight of the occupant kept it well balanced. They would have to be rebuilt as to the tule part every year generally though by careful usage they would last two years. The boat of to-day is the rude dug-out of the pioneer days, and is made with fire as the chief implement. It is easily upset and Indians frequently drown, which is the occasion of the remark quoted above in regard to the relative merits of the two styles of canoes.

Cremation was the old way of disposing of the dead, but it is done away with now, and the bodies are buried. In early times the dead were burned in the sweat-house, amid the howlings of the survivors. Generally, however, they cremated in the open air. The body before burning was bound closely together, the legs and arms folded, and forced by binding into as small a compass as possible. It was then placed upon a funeral pile of wood, which was set on fire by the mother, wife, or some near relative of the deceased, and the mourners, with their faces daubed with pitch, set up a fearful howling and weeping, accompanied with the most frantic gesticulations. The body being consumed, the ashes were carefully collected. Most probably our enlightened white people wish to introduce the old Indian style to dispose of the dead.

A portion of ashes were mingled with pitch, with which they daubed their faces and went into mourning. During the progress of the cremation the friends and relatives of the deceased thrust sharp sticks into the burning corpse, cast into the fire the ornaments, feather head-dresses, weapons and everything known to have belonged to the departed. They had a superstitious dread of the consequences of keeping back any article belonging to the defunct. An old Indian woman whose husband was sick was recently asked what ailed him. Her reply was: "He had kept some feathers belonging to a dead Indian that should have been burned with his body, and that he would be sick till he died."

The idea of a future state was universal among the California Indians, and they had a vague idea of rewards and punishments. As one expressed it: "Good Indian go big hill; bad Indian go bad place." Others thought if the deceased had been good during his lifetime his spirit would travel west to where the earth and sky meet and become a star; if bad he would be changed into a grizzly or his spirit wanderings would continue for an indefinite period. They express the idea of the change from this life to another by saying that "as the moon died and came to life again, so man came to life after death; and they believed that the hearts of good chiefs went up to the sky, and were changed into stars to keep watch over their tribes on earth." Although exceedingly superstitious. They were evidently not destitute of some religious conceptions.

Certain rocks and mountains were regarded as sacred. Uncle Sam Mountain or "Kanocti," as it is more familiarly called, was one of the sacred mountains, and no one except wizards of the tribe dared to ascend it. Two huge boulders between Napa City and Capet Valley were also sacred and no Indian would approach them.

(To be Continued.)

No, says the Faribault system, I will not suffer them to come to you, at least during the hours of school. During these precious hours I distinctly forbid them all intercourse with you, notwithstanding what you may say to the contrary. Rome to approve of a system of which all this is practically true! Dearly beloved brethren, do you, can you believe any such statement? When analyzed and fully realized, is it not offensive to Catholic instinct?

The Faribault plan was the plan which the Free Masons tried to foist upon Belgium, and against which the Belgian Episcopacy declared war, and on account of which their brave, noble and loyal Catholic people, in the general election of 1884 wiped out the Free Mason ministry with such an overwhelming majority that their victory was called the "suffrage of universal indignation."

The Faribault plan is the system against which Pius IX, Leo XIII, Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman, as we have seen, raised their powerful voices, calling upon Christendom and upon the English speaking people to leave no stone unturned till they had provided "Christian schools for Catholic children—Catholic schools for Catholic children." The Faribault plan is the system against which the Irish episcopate, after twenty-nine years trial, pronounced a sentence of condemnation, against which they protested in language worthy of a St. Augustine and a Bossuet; against which they have so persistently worked with such energy and efficacy they have well nigh done away with it in Ireland, and after all, this is the system some may have attempted to foist upon us. May our right hand wither before we give our approval to such a compromise.

Indeed, if we ever thought of introducing this system into Denver we would be the first to call a halt. For you would say, and with reason: The Cathedral parish spent \$50,000 in the erection and equipment of its school; the Sacred Heart \$25,000, the Annunciation \$20,000, St. Elizabeth's \$18,000, St. Leo's, St. Joseph's, St. Patrick's St. Dominic's from \$10,000 to \$15,000. Are we now to go before the Denver School Board and say to them: "Gentlemen we have spent \$150,000 in building up our own schools. Come, take them. We will give them to you at a nominal rent. We will, with our own hands, strip the walls of every sacred emblem. We will do away with our Catholic text books. You can put in your own—Myers History if you like. You may redistrict our schools, take our Catholic children, the pride of our hearts, for whom we have labored so hard and made so many sacrifices, and send them to our own public schools, putting other children into ours. We promise you that we shall not so much as mention the name of God during school hours, much less say a prayer or make the sign of the cross, so as not to offend against the susceptibilities of non-Catholic children. Only after school is over, when all the other children have been dismissed, and whilst they are shouting and hurrahing around the building, we gather together our children, tired and worn out with three hours of steady application, and we will inflict upon them, like so many sluggards kept in penance, an hour's religious instruction. All this we are prepared to do, provided you pay our teachers and relieve us from the burden of double taxation. Yea, more; if our Sisters do not suit you you may displace them and put others in their stead, and if you object to their religious dress, their beads and crosses, you may ask them to dress like other people.

In conclusion we would say to you, our dearly beloved brethren, stand by your Catholic schools, and never begrudge the money you spend on the Catholic education of your children. It will all come back to you a hundred fold in countless blessings upon your children who, reared in the faith of your fathers, will be your pride and glory on earth and your crown in heaven.

Such being our position on the question of Catholic education, you will readily perceive that we had no sympathy with the singular course pursued by the Catholic paper of this diocese for some time back. For the future, therefore, we wish you clearly to understand that anything which the said paper may say or publish not completely in harmony with the teaching of this pastoral will not have our approval.

Given in Denver on the feast of St. Peter Celestine, May 19, 1892.

NICHOLAS CHRYSOSTOM,
Bishop of Denver.

Charity.

Sinners put the worst construction on each other's words and acts. They have no consideration or forbearance. Their apparent sympathy is but a fellowship in the same disobedience. And so also the sympathy of the world—how hollow, formal and constrained it is! How little soothing or consoling in our sorrows and trials are worldly friends, even the kindest-hearted of them! And why, but because it is peculiarly the property of true sanctity to be charitable. And in the grace of charity is contained gentleness, compassion, tenderness of hand in touching the wounds of other men, fair interpretations, large allowances, ready forgiveness.

Juvenile Department.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

Aunt Flo.

"You remember, Dora, the old lady who came to live in this town when we were children?"

"The eccentric old dame who was so fond of children and whom we used to call Aunt Flo?"

"The same. Did you ever learn who she was or where she came from?"

"No," answered Dora, "all that was known about her was that she came from some place in England, that she was very wealthy, and when dying left all her money to good old Father Phil for charitable purposes."

"Well," continued Kate, "her life is a sad story, and I think no one in town knows about it but myself. She told it to me a long time ago, and I remember distinctly the deep impression it made on my young mind. Certainly on hearing it one could not help sympathizing with the good old lady, and realizing what a grand character was hers, what a noble enduring soul she had after all her odd ways."

"Would you mind telling that story now Kate?" asked Dora.

"If your patience will allow you to hear me through, yes."

"Go on, then."

Kate smiled as she commenced: "You must recollect that I was her greatest favorite; she had many favorites among the younger folk at the time, but none seemed to have so large a share in her affections as I had. Whenever she chanced to meet me out driving she would stop the carriage and take me in, and from time to time she gave me little presents, some of them indeed valuable, such as none of the others ever received from her. She came up with me one day and as was her custom took me into the carriage. She seemed to be unusually sad. I observed, young as I was, that there must be some great trouble weighing upon her mind, and you know, Dora, she was subject to fits of temporary insanity. In my heart I pitied Aunt Flo, and I would willingly give up all I held dear if I could only lessen her sorrow and bring her happiness.

We drove along in silence for some time; she continued gazing out of the window in a dreamy sort of way, when suddenly I heard a deep sigh burst from her heart. I looked up in her face and there must have been something unusual in my manner, for she turned toward me and in a flood of tears clasped me in her arms."

"How like you are to little Ellie," she sobbed, "my little darling that is gone to the home of the angels."

"I could not help weeping too, and timidly asked who was Ellie?"

"She was a brown-haired little lass just like you, with a sunny face and laughing eyes. She was the pride and joy of my sad life; but she is gone to the land where sorrow is unknown and left me alone to mourn her loss. You are too young, my child to understand the whole story."

"Oh no," I said, "do tell me the whole story; tell me all about Ellie."

"Yes child," she continued after a pause, "I will tell you; perhaps it will ease my poor old heart," and then she related her story, a sad one indeed.

She and her husband possessed a considerable estate in one of the southern counties of England and for several years led a life of happiness and prosperity. They had a fine domain, extensive hunting grounds and all the other accompaniments which go to make life enjoyable. But this state of things was not destined to last long; her husband grew tired of the country and yearned for the society of the gay metropolis.

In an evil hour his wife consented to go live in London, so they gave up their country seat and were soon in possession of a splendid mansion in Piccadilly.

Matters went on well for a time in London; they led a very stylish life, mixed freely in society, attended balls and parties and gave their own in return and ere long were surrounded by a crowd of admirers—half sycophants, half friends. Her husband felt himself flattered by the attention bestowed upon him, and his society seemed to be much sought after by fashionable young men of the day. But he, 'good easy man,' failed to see the trap that was set for him. By degrees this influence worked upon him; he gradually became dissipated, and in his excesses turned to the 'bookmakers.' He was very often present on the 'turf,' and it was hinted that several times he had staked heavily and lost, as is usually the case. His companions also introduced him to the gaming tables, and there too, his pockets were regularly lightened of their precious burden."

(To be Continued.)

Guard the Child.

Parents should guard their children from the coarse and sometimes lewd pictorial representations flooding the country at large. Familiarity with vice in picture or print leads many to its commission. Fallen human nature always knows too much of sin. Guard the child. Remove the stumbling block of scandalous reading and flaming pictures.

THE MAGDALEN ASYLUM.

Its Scope of Usefulness to be Extended Shortly.

At the present time there are twenty-one wards of the city in charge of the Sisters of Mercy in the Magdalen Asylum, and the number will be gradually reduced as the terms of the present inmates expire. Before the establishment of the Whittier Reform School, any girls who were committed to the Industrial School were sent to the Magdalen Asylum, the city paying \$15 per month for their maintenance, which included food, clothing medical attendance, etc. This charge was considered very low in comparison with the cost of keeping prisoners in other institutions. Many of those who were committed under these tender ministrations have seen the errors of their ways and reformed, while others having taken vows to remain with the Sisters for life.

There are also under care of the Sisters a large number of old women who have found a home in the Asylum, and there are also a number of girls who have been placed there by their parents in order to correct them of their wild and wayward habits. The two classes are kept entirely separate, the east wing being devoted to the prisoners, and the west to the remaining inmates.

The girls are taught sewing, embroidery, housework, and other useful feminine accomplishments, under the directions of the Sisters, and some of the work is wonderful. A tour of the building is a revelation. In the dormitories white counterpanes, immaculate pillowslips, floors shining almost in their brightness, greet the eye at every step. The recreation grounds are laid out with flowers and shade trees, while seats in every available spot permit them to withdraw from the heat of the sun. The grounds cover seven acres and all the space is utilized. The water for the Asylum is derived from a number of wells, and is piped all through the building numerous exits are provided for in case of fire, and every precaution is taken, looking to the health and comfort of the inmates. The schoolroom is light and airy, and the chapel is a little beauty. When the terms of the present inmates will expire the Asylum will still be devoted to the reclamation of the wayward, and its scope will be extended, the presence of so many prisoners heretofore preventing the Sisters from carrying out such projects as they have had for a long time in mind. The Magdalen Asylum is truly an asylum in name and deed, and is deserving of the support of the charitable.

Blessed Henry Suso.

Early in the morning, before anyone had gone into the church, he knelt before the high altar contemplating the august Mother with her heavenly treasure. He saluted her in his heart, singing as lovingly as he could, "O spotless one! O gracious one!" Then he begged her with uplifted hands and eyes, to show him how to worship the Holy Child. He took the Child, as it were, from her arms and embraced it a thousand times in one hour. He contemplated its beautiful little eyes; he looked upon its little hands; he gazed again and again at all the infant members of the heavenly treasure. Then, lifting up his eyes, he uttered a cry of amazement in his heart that He who bears up the heavens is so great and yet so small, so beautiful in heaven and so childlike upon earth; and as the Divine Infant moved him, so did he act, now singing, now weeping, until at last, giving it back to its mother, he joined his heart with hers in a hymn of joy and thanksgiving.

Pat Don't Need Their Aid.

The deep concern for the Chinese, expressed by the Methodists recently, has been considered by many affection for the celestial and a liberal interpretation of the constitution. It should be regarded simply as an expression of hatred and contempt for Irish Catholics and their American descendants. If the Chinese and the Methodists were the only parties in America, the latter would hardly be satisfied with the Geary bill. They would make hanging the penalty of Chinese intrusion into the country. But the Irish being here, it satisfies the rancor of Methodism to do that in behalf of poor John what they would rather do for the devil than for poor Pat!—Union and Times.

"Patriotic."

It is a strange fact that the anti-Catholic secret societies whose purpose is to discriminate against Catholics and which aim at excluding Catholics from public offices, attempt to justify their action by pretending that their motives and objects are patriotic. According to these know-nothing associations it is "patriotic" and "American" to exclude from a voice in the administration of our Government a part of the citizens of our country because of their religious belief, while those self-same citizens bear their full share of the burden of supporting our Government.

Men of culture are the true apostles of equality.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

PHYSICIANS.

D. F. RAGAN, M. D.

Office, 997 Market St., cor. 6th.

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John Galloway, M. D.

Office, 659 CLAY ST.,

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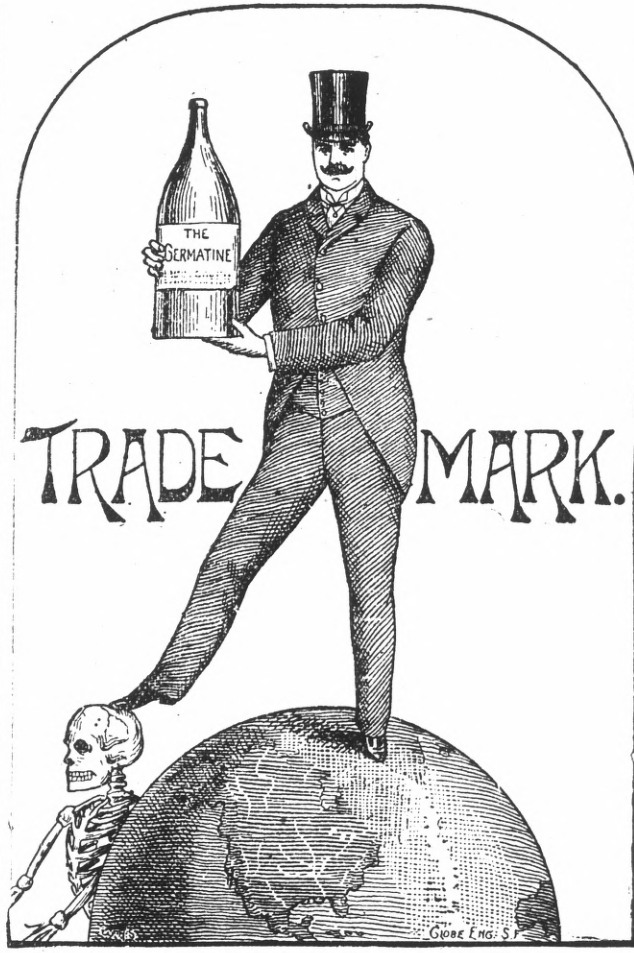
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* E. I. A. S. *

The Board of Grand Directors held an important meeting at the headquarters on Monday last.

No. 11, this city, will hold its meetings at the headquarters after July 1st.

All reports quarterly and yearly must be filed with the Grand Secretary, and all accounts settled by June 25th.

The Hotel Del Mar will be open for visitors in a few days. The manager of this hotel has had a long experience as a caterer in Santa Cruz, and a delightful time is assured patrons at very reasonable rates.

The branches in and around San Francisco will hold a mass meeting on Monday evening next at the headquarters to discuss matters relative to the Grand Council.

No. 8 will hold a special meeting at the headquarters on Friday evening next.

No. 13, Santa Cruz, has filed the following quarterly report to April 1st: Total active membership, 34; honorary, 3; life membership, 2, number persons assisted, 22. Amount expended in relief in cash, \$69 55; in groceries, \$24 35; in fuel, \$16; new clothing, \$7 75; total, \$117 65.

No. 7, Stockton, has filed the following report from February to May: Total active membership, 122; honorary, 50; contributing, 106; visits to sick and needy, 108; physician's visits, 3; person's furnished employment, 2; persons assisted, 80; families assisted, 20; number visits to hospitals, 80; pieces clothing distributed, 50. Amount expended in relief in groceries, \$214 80; in fuel, \$82 75; medicines, \$4 95; new clothing, \$12; total, \$314 50.

At the last meeting of No. 7 President Mrs. Anna Collins and Senior Vice-President Mrs. Paché were elected by acclamation as delegates to the Fifth Grand Council to be held the following month. Mrs. J. T. Doyle, district deputy and Mrs. Harkness were likewise elected alternates.

An Enterprising Man.

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I read Mrs. Bailey's experience and am tempted to give my experience plating. I paid \$5 for one of the Queen Platers for plating gold, silver or nickel. I had no trouble to get all the knives, forks, spoons, castors and jewelry I could plate. The first week I made \$27 clear profit, the second, \$35 40 and am now averaging \$45 per week. I have advised a number of my friends to try this business, and they are doing well. The machine is complete and does the work rapidly. I can make as much selling platers as plating. Hoping my experience will benefit others, I am yours truly,

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If you want to make more clear money than you have ever made in your life, send for circulars and price of the Queen Plater; for gold, silver, nickel, copper and brass plating can be used by any one. Plates beautiful and equal to the finest new work. Every class of goods or metals. \$20 a day can easily be made. Address: Queen City Silver & Nickel Plating Co., East St. Louis, Ill.

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Faith is the backbone of the social and the foundation of the commercial fabric; remove faith between man and man and society and commerce fall to pieces. There is not a happy home on earth but stands of faith; our heads are pillowed on it; we sleep at night in its arms with greater security for the safety of our lives, peace and prosperity than bolts and bars can give.

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To do an evil action is base; to do a good action without incurring danger is common enough; but it is the part of a good man to do great and noble deeds, though he risks everything.

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G. A. BURGESS & CO. have spared neither time nor expense for the last four years in California in bringing before the public at large their Indian Remedies, and they hope in the future as in the past to receive the patronage of the State.

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T. J. O'BRIEN, - - MANAGER

Young Ladies' Institute.

CONDUCTED BY MISS J. T. MOLLOY.

Last Thursday evening Arion hall was crowded with a merry throng. The occasion was a May party given by the Young Ladies' Institute No. 38. The affair was a decided success both socially and financially, and the young ladies deserve great praise for the manner in which they managed it, special credit being given to the committee. There were about two hundred people present, all of whom agreed that they had a delightful time and when the "wee sma" hours were upon them the young folks disbanded and wended their way homeward, tired but happy, and wishing the Y. L. I. success in their social entertainments in the future.—Sentinel.

Grand Second Vice-President Mrs. T. R. Duffy of Benicia is at present in this city visiting her mother.

Rev. Father O'Mahoney who has charge of St. Teresa's parish during the absence of Rev. Father O'Connor, is very much interested in the Potrero branch and promises to assist it in every possible way.

At the last meeting of No. 24 six members were initiated.

During the past quarter the treasury of No. 2 has greatly increased; this is owing to the fact that during the quarter only three sisters reported on the sick list.

All the clergy are cordially invited to attend the sessions of the Fifth Grand Institute which will convene on Monday, June 27th, at 9:30 and continue from day to day until all the business has been transacted.

On Wednesday evening, June 29th, a grand reception will be tendered the members of the Fifth Grand Institute in Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Fifth Grand Institute will convene in Remembrance Hall, Odd Fellows' Building. Mr. Pidwell, secretary of the Odd Fellows' Building Association, very kindly volunteered the use of the above hall.

Sunday, June 26th, has been selected as the general holy communion day and it is expected that every member of the order will receive holy communion on that day. The San Francisco and Oakland branches will attend the eight o'clock mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, cor O'Farrell street and Van Ness Ave.

No. 2 held election of officers last evening and Sister Annie Potthoff was elected president.

On last Wednesday evening No. 16 gave a very successful party in the new hall, corner Stockton and Union streets.

No. 3 will give a reception to the delegates to the Fifth Grand Institute in Union-square Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 28th.

No. 2 will have its officers publicly installed on Friday evening, July 1st.

Sister Katie Comyns of No. 3 is spending her vacation at the Warm Springs.

The committee who had charge of the picnic given by Y. M. I. No. 7 on Decoration day very kindly sent complimentary tickets to all the officers of the San Francisco and Oakland branches; this courtesy was greatly appreciated and will in due time be reciprocated.

The delegates to the Fifth Grand Institute elected by No. 4 are Mrs. T. K. Nelson, Fannie Douglas and Mary Gallagher. These ladies will represent one of the most enthusiastic branches of the order.

The following members of No. 1 are enjoying the summer as follows: Kittie Landers, first vice-president, left last week for Hayward; Genevieve Carroll, secretary, is visiting her sister in Fresno; Kate Conklin, grand director, is camping in the Santa Cruz Mountains; Miss M. McSteen and Mrs. Prendergast are camping near Sunol; Sarah Walsh is sojourning for her health in the Livermore Mountains.

Mary Kerrigan of No. 1 has returned from her visit to San Lorenzo.

Lyda Carroll of No. 1 has returned from Big Oak Flat where she was engaged in teaching and at the last meeting of No. 1 entertained the members with a recital of life as she found it on the borders of the Yosemite.

The Young Men's Institute and the Young Ladies' Institute gave a grand ball last night at Grass Valley. It was to have been held last December, but was postponed on account of the death of Rev. Father Dalton.

Brother J. H. Higgins of the firm of Higgins & Rothkopf, manufacturing jewelers and diamond setters at 208 Sutter street, has designed a handsome Institute Badge at a very reasonable cost. An inspection of the same will repay you.

A choice assortment of rosaries, prayer books and pictures suitable for presents for children making their first communion for sale by the Catholic Publishing Society, 113-115 Hayes st.

A large assortment of Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry for the holidays at very reasonable prices, can be had at W. Scheepers, 1071 Market St.

A man's mind is known by the company he keeps.

Young Men's Institute.

Conducted by STEPHEN R. O'KEEFE.
Address Communications to 325 Montgomery Street.

The Board of Grand Directors of the Y. M. I. will meet at the Flood Building on June 17th at 8 o'clock p. m.

Brother Murray, the President of St. Raphael Council of San Rafael, visited the city this week, and was present at the meeting of the Board of Presidents on Monday evening last.

San Raphael Council No. 10 have on the bills for June 11th, to-night, a grand dramatic and musical entertainment tendered to San Raphael Council by California Council No. 24 of Alameda at St. Raphael's Hall in San Rafael. There will be dancing after the entertainment.

Rother R. A. McLaughlin of Washington Council No. 4, was on Tuesday last united in wedlock to Miss Emma Madden. The ceremony took place at the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, 18th and Shotwell streets, in this city. Rev. Father Mulligan, also a member of the Y. M. I., officiating. There was a large gathering of the friends of the parties at the church, the edifice being nearly full. Miss Lily Coleman was bridesmaid and S. R. O'Keefe was groomsmen. After the ceremony the newly wedded pair and their friends repaired to the residence of the bride at 318 Capp street, where an elegant feast was spread, and the evening spent in music, song and merry making. At 11 o'clock the happy pair attempted to steal away, but the shower of rice and slippers that followed showed them that their friends were not to be surprised. They set out in the new life's journey with the good wishes of all their friends and a cheer for their success.

At a meeting of the Presidents of the City Councils of the Y. M. I., held at Flood building on June 6th, it was decided to extend some courtesy to the delegates to the Grand Council of the Y. L. I. to assemble here on June 27th. This is to be in the form of an excursion on the bay on the steamer J. M. Donohue, and the trip will be by the Union Iron Works, Dry Docks, Hunter's Point, Alameda shore to El Campo and return by Tiburon, Angel Island, where a parade of the military will be witnessed, Sausalito, Fort Point and back to the city. The boat will start about 9:30 or 10 a. m. and will reach El Campo about noon, just in time to unpack lunch baskets and satisfy appetites sharpened by the salt water ride. The day is not yet definitely fixed, but will be either Thursday, June 30th, or Saturday, July 2d. Excellent music will be provided, and every precaution will be taken to make the excursion one of the most enjoyable ever given on the bay. A jovial party and an elegant good time are anticipated.

Pioneer Council No. 1 nominated officers for the ensuing term as follows: S. R. O'Keefe, president; first vice-president, Eugene Sullivan; second vice-president, Robert Tobin; Recording secretary, J. W. Roach; corresponding secretary, James A. Humphreys; financial secretary, J. L. Ferren; Treasurer, Ed. R. Myrick; marshal, Wm. Adams; surgeon, Dr. E. P. Driscoll.

At this meeting the Council voted \$150 for the purpose of entertaining the delegates to the Grand Council of the Y. L. I., which will convene in this city on June 27th. In view of the fact that the city Councils of the Y. M. I. have concluded to entertain the Grand Council of the Y. L. I., the Committee of Pioneer Council have concluded to give no separate entertainment but to join with the Institute at large in that matter.

Friday evening last No. 65 of East Portland entertained a number of its friends. A most enjoyable time was had by all.

A requiem mass for the repose of the souls of deceased members of the Young Men's Institute was held at St. Andrew's pro-cathedral, Victoria, B. C., at 7:30 o'clock Monday morning, May 30th. Members of Segher's Council No. 85 and Young Ladies' Institute No. 33 attended in a body.

We learn from the Diocesan Record that the Y. M. I. in Pennsylvania is flourishing. It says: Institute 121 of Carbondale continues to increase in membership and influence. The esteem and popularity of the Pioneer Institute of the State in the Pioneer City is evidenced by their roll of members. Although organized only three years ago, it was the third Institute east of the Rocky mountains, 99 and 100 of New York and Cincinnati preceding it. The council is now composed of 98 members; every member is a beneficiary, as to sick or death benefits, and all are enthusiasts in the success of the Y. M. I.

Through the efforts of these young Catholics a sister society was organized in Canton nearly two years ago and now another council has been organized in Jernyn and on May 18th a banquet was given at the installation of officers. The residents of the Electric City may criticize the Pioneer City in matters of business enterprise but in literary, social and fraternal organization the older city holds its own.

Full charge taken of Hat and Cloak Rooms for Balls and Parties. Mrs. T. J. Finnerty, 628 Minna street.

Young Men's Institute.

SYNOPSIS OF CONSTITUTION AND BY LAWS.

An applicant must be of the Catholic faith, and between the ages of 18 and 35. A small initiation fee is charged, and the dues are 50 cents per month.

A member receives \$7 a week in case of sickness or accident.

Upon the death of a member in good standing, his heirs or beneficiaries will be paid \$500.

INSTITUTE No. 4 meets second and fourth Tuesday, of each month at Laurel Hall, 32 O'Farrell street, near Grant Avenue. James J. Hegan, P.; Fred V. Flynn, P. V. P.; William McGee, S. V. P.; J. H. Sullivan, R. S.; D. J. Ahern, F. S.; Peter A. Ryan, C. S.; John B. McIntyre, T.; J. Callaghan, M.; T. L. Mahoney, M. D.; S. E. C. H. J. Siedenbergh, Lewis M. Bannion, Jos. Murphy, M. Carr, J. N. McLaughlin.

INSTITUTE No. 55, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of every month at eight o'clock, at Concord Hall Alcazar building, S. Riddell, P.; Dr. J. O'Callahan, F. V. P.; J. S. McCormick, S. V. P.; Andrew Oliver, M.; E. Lettore, R. S.; A. Schmidt, C. S.; Robert Morrissey, F. S.; E. C. Dr. Morris, D. S. Shea, John Kingwell, W. J. Carlin, James Mullen, S. D. McGovern.

Young Ladies' Institute.

SYNOPSIS OF CONSTITUTION AND BY LAWS.

To become a member, a young lady must be of the Catholic faith and between the ages of 18 and 35. A small initiation fee is charged, and the dues are 50 cents per month.

A member receives \$7 a week in case of sickness or accident.

Upon the death of a member in good standing, her heirs or beneficiaries will be paid \$150.

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INSTITUTE No. 1, meets every Wednesday evening at K. R. B. Hall, O'Farrell & Mason Streets. S. Grote, P., 1636 Golden Gate Ave.; M. Dyer, L. S., 381 Shotwell; M. Degan, F. S., 12 Pfeiffer; K. Gleason, T. 5 Leonard Place; Dr. T. J. Galvan, P., 872 Mission.

INSTITUTE No. 2, meets every Friday evening at St. George's Hall, 9094 Market Street. Mrs. G. Long, P., 14 Lewis; Miss N. Winter, R. S., 735 Harrison; Miss K. Murray, F. S., 1504 Leavenworth; Mrs. M. A. Devin, T.; J. O'hama, at; Dr. D. F. Ragan, P., 997 Market.

INSTITUTE No. 3, meets every Monday evening at Washington Hall, 33 Eddy street. M. Dowd, P., 29 Lafayette; L. O'Neill, L. S., 809 24th; M. Cusack, F. S., 165 Perry; E. O'Brien, T., 26th and Alabama; T. J. Galvan, P., 872 Mission.

INSTITUTE No. 4, meets 1st, 3d and 4th Monday evening in Cambrian Hall, 1133 Mission street. E. Hanlon, P., 601 7th; M. Hettel, L. S., 427 Natoma; M. Connelly, F. S., 238 Clara; Mrs. A. T. Higgins, T., 16 Hubbard; Dr. D. F. Ragan, P., 997 Market.

INSTITUTE No. 7, meets every Monday evening at St. George's Hall, 9094 Market street. F. O'Brien, P., 1135 Harrison; M. O'Neill, R. S., 1313 Divisadero; S. Hagerty, F. S., 120 8th; A. Durand, T., 1524 Stockton; Dr. T. J. Galvan, P., 872 Mission.

INSTITUTE No. 9, meets 1st and 3d Tuesday in Cambrian Hall, 1133 Mission street. M. Kelly, P., 42 Hoff ave; A. P. Daly, S., 2543 Mission; M. Conlin, F. S., 115 Henry; Mrs. P. Bonde, T., 2654 Folsom; Dr. Barbat, P., 1702 Folsom.

INSTITUTE No. 10, meets 1st and 3d Friday in St. George's Hall, 9094 Market. A. Nyhan, P., 350 11th; E. O'Neill, R. S., 1214 Folsom; N. Gallagher, F. S., 850 Hayes; Mrs. O'Brien, T. Vendome Hotel, S. F.; Dr. D. F. Ragan, P., 997 Market.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
DANIEL O'CONNELL, Editor

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Gospel, St. Matt. xxviii, 18-20: The Disciples are Commissioned to Preach.
12—Sunday—St. Basilides & Comp., MM.

13—Monday—St. Antony of Padua, Conf.

14—Tuesday—St. Basil the Great, Bp. and Conf.

15—Wednesday—Bl. Germain Cousin.

16—Thursday—Corpus Christi.

17—Friday—SS. Nicander and Marcian, MM.

18—Saturday—St. Mark and Companions, MM.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

Order of the Forty Hours Devotion in the Churches and Chapels of the Diocese of San Francisco for the month of JUNE, 1892.

12—Trinity Sunday—St. Mary's, Spanish town; Sacred Heart, Temescal.

19—Sunday in the Octave of Corpus Christi—St. Mary's Cathedral.

26—Third Sunday after Pentecost—St. Charles', San Francisco.

THE closing of a notorious Market street dive as the result of the agitation commenced by the "Call" is a welcome event. It is to be hoped that the good work will go on. In this connection Rev. Father Montgomery deserves special commendation. His speech at the meeting of last Sunday was the only speech delivered although a number of those who carry the title of "Rev." after a sort of "tolerari potest" style, endeavored to make a prayer meeting out of what was a public meeting to combat a great evil. Father Montgomery's speech was a practical masterpiece of eloquence, and the result aimed at has at last been attained.

While we are upon a crusade against vice, why not start a movement to close all saloons and liquor stores at midnight? Crime would be less rampant and the death knell of every dive would then be sounded. The liquor element, that is the respectable portion of it, we think would welcome this plan. Why not start the agitation of the question now?

THE "Union and Times" of Buffalo recently called attention to the fact that there were but few writers of Catholic books in the United States, and says, "We train men to be preachers and speakers, why not train them to be authors?" The "Standard" of Philadelphia concurs and adds in explanation: "It is the lack of a sufficiently large number of readers of Catholic books. An increased number of readers would create an increased demand for Catholic books; and an increased demand for Catholic books would soon create an increased number of Catholic books."

We quite concur with these views. But it has to be said that these views are evidently not shared in the Archdiocese of San Francisco. It is the parochial school where the young Catholic mind should be first imbued with the knowledge of Catholic literature. As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined. The young student, whose mind, if properly trained, would lead him into the world of letters, has thrust into his hands a primer written by

a Protestant author. As he advances follows a reader written by a Protestant author, and as his years roll on follow more readers, a history and geography written by Protestant authors and published by Protestant book firms. At the very outset of his scholastic career he finds no field for the future. His discerning mind, ready to receive the truths of the Catholic Church and be familiarized with the writings of the learned men of the Church, finds instead Protestant books placed before him for his daily companions. Is this justice to the Church, or her learned men? We ask our brethren of the Catholic press if that is not another and most potent reason why there are so few writers of Catholic book?

DOES MINING PAY?

Does mining for the precious metals in California and the neighboring territories pay? It would be highly interesting if full and precise details were before us with which to answer this question with accuracy. There can be no doubt but there is a very widely extended suspicion abroad that every dollar's worth of gold and silver now being produced in California and Nevada costs more than a hundred cents to produce it. This is undoubtedly true of all that has been yielded by the Great Comstock lode since the Bonanza mines ceased paying dividends some nine or ten years. Since then assessments have been continuous, whilst there have been no dividends worth talking about. That mining pays the men who control the diamond drills, mill the ore, and secure the inside information, goes without saying; but whether it returns to the general body of stockholders dollar for dollar on their expenditures is another and totally different matter. The question is not whether mining paid in former years, but whether it pays now; and neither is it as to whether a particular mine is profitable, but whether mining as a whole leaves a margin of profit sufficient to pay a fair interest upon the capital invested. Unhappily, our Mining Bureau collects no statistics that would solve the doubts which many are inclined to entertain upon this subject. The Secretary for Mines in the Colony of Victoria, Australia, has recently, at great length, answered the problem so far as the Colony with which he is connected is concerned. He shows that during 1886—one of the least prosperous of years—gold was produced to the total value of \$13,553,365. This production cost (including five percent allowed on the capital value of machinery, plant, etc.) \$11,928,400, leaving a net profit on gold mining in that particular Colony of Australia of \$1,624,965. There can be no doubt of mining paying in that case. There are those who claim that the production of the precious metals even at a loss would be advantageous to a country. The chief value of these metals to the civilized communities is a medium of exchange. Bills, promissory notes and undertakings to pay are only good so far as the credit given to their makers is well founded, and the precious metals being the recognized measures of value, the demand for them increases whenever a commercial panic is threatened, or, in other words whenever credit is restricted or confidence is shaken. No greater calamity can overtake a trading nation than an insufficiency of coin with which to carry on its commercial operations. It may therefore happen that, even if the balance on the nation's mining account be on the wrong side of the ledger, there may still be an advantage derived from the production of the precious metals to the country in which they are raised and distributed. Looking to the fact that those metals are

the great agent in establishing commercial confidence and stimulating trade and manufactures, most persons will admit that their production at a price that will pay expenses is a positive national gain.

THE BOOKS MUST GO!

In the Acts and Decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore occurs the following sentence: "Operam dent ut in scholis adhibeantur semper libri a Catholicis scriptoribus concinnati."—"They should always endeavor to have in the schools books written and arranged by Catholic writers."

In view of this plain statement the action of the school board of this diocese in adopting a series of school books written and edited by men without a single affiliation towards the Catholic Church, published by as gigantic a monopoly as is fostered by any trust in this country is at least remarkable to say the least and be charitable. We cannot conceive of a motive for this course. The board must have been imposed upon. A few words regarding the American Book Company will not be out of place here. It is a combination of the leading non-Catholic publishers of the United States, who after vainly trying to cut each other's throats, finally combined with an immense capital, and when they could not bulldoze opponents, brought them out as is evidenced by their purchase of the plates of Harper Bros.' publications for \$750,000. They employ a trained corps of lobbyists, or agents, and when they have succeeded in placing their nefarious wares in a community, they transfer them to another field. Their methods of getting in their books was called into question not later than last week through the daily press, where their agent succeeded in "inducing" the Board of Education of Oakland to use a number of the Appleton publications in the public schools of our neighboring city.

It would be heretical to insinuate that any member of the school board was subject to any extraneous influences. The reputations of the reverend gentlemen who compose it are above question.

They must have been deceived by some interested parties or they never would have adopted such a line of books as they have. Nor is it proper to assume that his Grace would have given sanction to the contract had he investigated the character of the books to which objection has heretofore been made.

In the "Civiltà Cattolica" of May 21st, is an exhaustive article upon the decision of the Holy See in the Faribault matter, and accompanying it is a letter of his Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, from which the following extracts are taken:

"The reader will observe that in the school contemplated by the Fathers of this Council there is to be no divorce between literary instruction and religious education. The Prelates decree to have schools strictly Catholic, wherein Catholic youth shall be instructed as well in letters and liberal branches as in religion and sound morality."

Non-Catholic books are the first steps in the divorce between "literary instruction and religious education."

After referring to the decrees of the Council under title VI., c. 1, his Eminence remarks:

"In the paragraph following the above the Council prescribes that the text books be always written by Catholics and in the seminary the students of theology be taught that one of the principal duties of priests, especially in our times, is that of the Christian education of youth, and that this is impossible without parochial schools, or others which are truly Catholic (Christianam juventutem institutionem sine scholis sique parochialibus sive aliis vere Catholicis non esse possibilem)."

Can a parochial school be truly Catholic when the pupils are taught, in defiance of the decrees of the Council, from books written and edited by Protestant or

non-Catholic writers.

The action the school committee must take is to annul the contract at once. Take any line of books edited by Catholic writers, and then only will the spirit and the letter of the decrees be carried out. If this breaking of the contract will entail a money loss upon the diocese, then the WITNESS will guarantee to raise by popular subscription the amount required. The Catholics of San Francisco have too high a regard for their beloved Archbishop and the reverend members of the school board to see them suffer any pecuniary loss arising from their doing their duty.

After the letter of his Eminence the Cardinal Prefect, and a knowledge of the decrees of the Third Plenary Council, there is but one course remaining, the non-Catholic books must go.

PARISH NEWS.

COLUSA.

A tract of 1074 acres of alluvial, extra choice fruit and cereal land, fronting the Sacramento river, within three miles of the beautiful parish church and convent school, is being sold in sub-divisions to suit, at a low price, on easy terms, to Catholics only. Correct information can be secured from Joseph Boedfeld, manager, or Rev. M. Wallrath, rector, Colusa.

Grand Island Cross was erected in 1864 by Father Lafanber at the close of a mission, on a five acre lot donated for the building of a Catholic church. The church was never built, but the cross has been preserved although nobody lives nearer than half a mile. A substantial brick chapel was built close to the cross in 1885, and dedicated to our Dolorous Lady. Annually, on the Monday after the feast of the Finding of the Cross, the people, both Catholics and Protestants, from the surrounding country, gather at the place to commemorate the erection of this first cross in Colusa county. Rain this year caused a postponement of the celebration until last Sunday, when it took place in the usual manner for the ninth time. A large congregation gathered, and were seated in the shade of an arbor in front of the little chapel. Rev. M. Wallrath, the rector, sang mass, assisted by the choir from Colusa, and preached on the "Work of the Holy Ghost in the Catholic Church as Represented in the Cross." After divine service the people divided into groups and regaled themselves by private luncheons spread in the shade of trees. Mrs. C. Perdue, the organist of Colusa, gave a sacred concert in the afternoon, assisted by her choir. At the close Rev. M. Wallrath called the attention of the people to his new Catholic colony near Colusa, prettily named Santa Margarita, in memory of his departed sister Margarette, in religion Sister Dolorosa. He exhorted in particular the Catholic young men to take advantage of the favorable opportunity offered to secure future homes. The colony promises to be a great success.

SANTA CRUZ.

The School of the Holy Cross has just closed a prosperous year so far as the number and progress of pupils were concerned.

The Sisters have still a debt of \$7000 upon the building and for this season they deemed it prudent to dispense with the considerable expense involved in commencement exercises for so large a school, hoping that another year may close under more auspicious financial circumstances. During the year 208 pupils have been enrolled and about 120 have been in regular attendance. A large number remain permanently with the Sisters while others are taking their vacation. The school will reopen July 25th.

At the 8 o'clock mass on Sunday morning last, Father McNamee, pastor of Holy Cross Church, preached to a large congregation an eloquent sermon on "Charity." He pointed out in a most forcible manner that faith without charity profiteth nothing, and that love towards God and man was essentially necessary to eternal salvation.

The sermon was very impressive, and will be remembered for a long time by his devout congregation.

Master Thomas F. Handley of Cherry street, has presented to the WITNESS a hanging bird nest. Whilst traveling on the banks of the San Lorenzo river on a fishing expedition, he discovered this rare nest hanging on the branch of a huge oak tree. As these nests are but seldom found in the vicinity of Santa Cruz, he thought it but just to present some token of friendship to his favorite paper, the WITNESS. His kind remembrance is duly appreciated.

OAKLAND.

The ladies of St. Frances de Sales Church are actively engaged in making preparations for a fair to be held in the early fall for the benefit of the church.

A statement has been published that Rev. Father King has arranged with the Sisters of the Holy Family for the es-

tablishment of a day home in Oakland similar in every respect to those institutions in San Francisco. Inquiries made at the Mother House here elicited the fact that as yet nothing definite has been done about it, pending the erection of the new convent, work on which will be commenced this fall. Rev. Mother Dolores stated that it would probably be some time next year before the home would be opened, and that it would require at least four sisters to take charge of it.

UKIAH.

Next Thursday his Grace Archbishop Riordan will make his annual visit to this town and in the morning will administer the sacrament of confirmation to a large class.

The pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent will give a musical and literary entertainment at the Opera House on the 23d inst. An excellent program has been prepared and a large number are sure to attend.

ST. IGNATIUS.

The closing exercises of the Boys' Sunday school were held last Sunday in the College Hall before a very large audience. The following program was presented:

Vocal music, choir; "Christ's Hidden and Public Life," Frank Lenahan; vocal music, Allen Jones and Rosslyn Jones; "Christ's Miracles and Parables," Thomas Quinn; vocal music, choir; "Christ's Passion and Death," Francis Burke; vocal music, choir; "Christ's Resurrection and Ascension," Francis Haynes; vocal solo, Waldo Poole; "Children's Views," Theophilus Philander; violin solo, Joseph J. O'Brien. Prizes were then distributed as follows:

Higher department of the Sunday school—First class—Silver medal, James Carberry; first premium, John Harrington; second premium, Frank Fulton.

Second class—Silver medal, William Kingwell; silver medal, Julius O'Laughlin; first premium, Fred Sliven; second premium, Frank Grisez.

Third class—Silver medal, Frank Callaghan; first premium, George Hopkins.

Fourth class—Silver medal, John Laughlin; first premium, Joseph Kelly; second premium, Aloysius Grisez.

Fifth class—Silver medal, James Mea; first premium, Joseph Connolly; second premium, John Leonard.

Sixth class—Silver medal, Harry Brainard; first premium, Joseph McNight; second premium, Joseph Segue.

Holy Angels department—First class—Silver medal, Joseph Madden; first premium, Antonio Mengula.

Second class—First premium, Neil Molloy; second premium, John Zweifel.

Third class—First premium, William Parker; second premium, Chas. Doyle.

Fourth class—First premium, Charles Dober; second premium, Armand la Valle.

St. Sebastian School—First premium, Charles Ryan; second premium, William Kirby.

To-morrow is the regular communion day of the Gentlemen's Sodality. They will receive at the 7:30 o'clock mass.

Next Wednesday night a novena to the Sacred Heart will be commenced.

On Sunday night there will be solemn high vespers, solemn benediction and a procession with the Most Blessed Sacrament.

ST. BONIFACE.

At Saratoga Hall on Monday evening the members of St. Anthony's Sodality presented the drama of "The Prisoner of Montbrun, or the Expiation of Crime."

It was written by Father Augustinus Henssler, O. S. F. The action represented scenes that occurred during the Crusades, and was elegantly staged and costumed. Mrs. M. Schaefer of 34 Third street furnishing the costumes. The drama which is of the heroic order, gives full play to Father Augustinus' wonderful power of expression and is the best that he has yet produced. The principal characters were sustained by Joseph Mueller, Henry Budde, Victor Becker, Frank Mueller, Peter Schiefer, Joseph Mayer and Xavier Burhans. Annie Schnabel was the only lady in the cast and she admirably sustained the difficult role. The proceeds which go to the building fund of the church were quite large. An immense audience was present.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

Last Sunday afternoon his Grace administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of sixty girls and forty boys. The Archbishop was assisted by Rev. Fathers Yorke, Kirby and Doran, and his address at the conclusion of the ceremony was a particularly interesting one. The sanctuary was handsomely decorated with lights and flowers. Before leaving the church all the boys took the obligation of the League of the Cross.

The following are the officers of the Cathedral Branch of the League: Benj. McKinley, president; Daniel Dwyer, first vice-president; James Flood, second vice-president; Con. Kennedy, recording secretary; Henry Cosgriff, corresponding secretary; Richard Dunne, treasurer. Rev. Father P. C. Yorke is the Spiritual Director.

ST. FRANCIS.

On Monday evening a meeting of the Junior Branch of the League of the

Cross was held in the basement of the church and ten new members were admitted. It was decided to organize a cadet company, after which the following program was rendered: Vocal solo, John Buckley; recitation, Owen McMann; song, Thos. Hillard; recitation, Nealy Harrington; instrumental duet, Rudolph Ruff and Bernard Gleason; vocal duet, Robert and Bernard Gleason; vocal duet, Thomas Hillard and Eugene Savage. The next meeting will be held on July 1st.

ST. JOSEPH'S.

At the last meeting of the Junior Branch of the League of the Cross held on Monday evening the following officers were elected: Thomas Hickey, president; Warren Conlin, first vice-president; J. Tomlins, second vice-president; J. Reid, recording secretary; William Cusick, corresponding secretary; Edmund Fitzgerald, treasurer. Nineteen new members were admitted.

NOTES.

An entertainment was given last night at the town hall in Niles for the benefit of the Catholic Church recently erected, which is under charge of Rev. Father Caraher. The program comprised songs, recitations and instrumental music which was furnished by San Francisco and Oakland talent. It was quite a successful affair, a considerable sum having been realized.

This is the month of the Sacred Heart, of St. Anthony of Padua, of Corpus Christi, of St. Aloysius and of SS. Peter and Paul.

Last Sunday, Rev. J. J. Valentine, pastor of Sausalito, celebrated mass at the residence of Mrs. James A. Thompson in Mill Valley for the first time. Steps are being taken by the Catholic residents to build a new church in that pretty hamlet.

Last Sunday at the nine o'clock mass, nearly sixty children received first communion at the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. Rev. Father Pillian, an apostolic missionary from France, who is the guest of Rev. Father Renaudier, addressed them, in addition to conducting the services.

To-morrow, at the Italian Church of SS. Peter and Paul, his Grace, Archbishop Riordan will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large class of children.

The pupils of St. Joseph's Sunday School of Alameda gave a very enjoyable and successful entertainment on Thursday night. The proceeds will go towards the library fund.

Two very enjoyable church picnics took place on Thursday. St. James parish had possession of Shell Mound Park near Oakland, while Holy Cross parish was represented by large numbers at Schutzen Park near San Rafael. The financial results in both cases were gratifying and as social successes nothing was wanting.

Statue of Queen Isabella.

Contributions are everywhere being solicited for the statue of Queen Isabella of Spain which it proposed to erect for the World's Columbian Exposition in the Queen Isabella Pavilion at Chicago. The sum which is asked is quite small and the undertaking has the sanction of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and the entire hierarchy of the Church in the United States. In this connection his Grace has written the following letter:

ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE,
1122 EDDY ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 21, 1892.

Mrs. Clara Hanson Mohun,
DEAR MADAM—I have a very distinct recollection of having answered your first letter, and in accordance with your wishes, I now repeat that I am in full sympathy with the views expressed by so many of the prelates of the Church of the country. The celebration would not be complete if we were to forget the great Queen Isabella, whose name is so closely connected with that of the great Columbus in the discovery of the New World. I am confident that in answer to your appeal the necessary funds for the erection of the proposed monument will be given.

Yours sincerely,
P. W. RIORDAN.

To Cleanse the System.

Effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys, and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Full charge taken of Hat and Cloak Rooms for Balls and Parties. Mrs. T. J. Finnerty, 623 Minna street.

The rainy season is at hand so be wise and have your roof prepared for it. Go to Ahlback & Kayser, 426 Hayes St. They do that kind of work.

A stout heart may be ruined in fortune, but not in spirit. Shallow people appear the deepest on first acquaintance.

An amiable disposition is a wonderful preserver of beauty.

PIANOS Knabe, Haines, Bush & Gerts, and others. Cash or installments. Rebuilt and Repaired. Please call or send for circular. 803 Sutter. BANCROFT

LAUNCHING GRADUATES.

Last Week of the School Closing Exercises.

BRIGHT POEMS AND ESSAYS.

Names of the Fortunate Winners of Prizes and Honors in Various Schools.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

The commencement exercises of Santa Clara College were held in the college hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week. As usual there was an immense crowd present. The first night's entertainment was entitled "A Night with Columbus," and consisted of a series of essays and poems depicting the difficulties and triumphs of Columbus. The exercises were opened by Thos. Barrett, '94, who eulogized the life of the hero and spoke of the many vicissitudes of his career. Edwin Rea, '94, dealt with his early life; Joseph M. Wall, '94, recited the poem "Isabella, the Catholic;" T. O'Connell, '92, spoke of the opposition to his theories; Thos. Heffron, '94, spoke of the "New World;" John Mott, '95, depicted the ingratitude that made the declining years of the discoverer's life so wearisome, and John J. Barrett, '91, closed the exercise by a splendid eulogy on his life.

Tuesday evening was devoted to a scientific lecture on "Light," illustrated by a large number of experiments. John J. O'Gara and Walter de Martinis of the class of '92 delivering the lecture and conducting the experiments.

After the lecture J. G. Carey, '92, delivered the valedictory, and the degree of bachelor of arts was conferred upon W. P. Carroll, S. B., '91; D. J. McKinnon, T. J. O'Connell, Eugene Kelley, W. Humphrey, J. G. Carey, W. de Martinis, and John O'Gara. The commercial certificate was awarded to Stanley Hichborn, A. B. Lamasney and F. Russell.

The Nobili medal, an annual prize of \$50 founded in 1876 by Joseph Donohoe in honor of the first president of the college, Rev. John Nobili, S. J., was awarded to Walter de Martinis for general excellence in morals, obedience and application to study. The Archbishop's medal for the best essay on "The Temporal Power of the Pope," was awarded to R. Bliss. The Donahoe medal, an annual prize of \$50, founded in 1883 by the late P. J. Donahoe, was awarded to Peter Breen for having made the greatest progress in Greek and Latin during the session. The Owl medal for the best declamation, was won by T. N. Heffron. His Grace, the Archbishop, then delivered an address which was greatly appreciated.

A meeting of the Alumni Association was held the same evening and the following officers elected: President, J. F. Smith, A. M., '78; vice-president, J. Hudner, S. B., '76; secretary, G. A. Sedgely, S. B., '68; treasurer, C. M. Lorigan, S. B., '82; executive committee—Rev. J. Pinasco, S. J., president of Santa Clara College; J. J. Barrett, S. B., '91; J. B. Enright, S. B., '91; T. Dillon, S. B., '84; F. A. Harrison, S. B., '78.

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE.

The closing exercises of the College of Notre Dame in San Jose took place on Tuesday last and were in the form of a historical allegory based upon the history of Columbus.

The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. On one side of the stage in figures of gold, was hung "1492," and opposite "1492," while in the center was a shield bearing the American coat of arms. Palms, ferns and bamboo plants, interspersed with brighter flowers filled the stage, while flags draped their folds over all.

The musical portion of the exercises was excellent and showed the great proficiency of the students both in vocal and instrumental technique. The poems and essays were of a high order of merit some of the versification being beautifully rhythmic and melodious. Miss Sarah E. Tennant read an original poem entitled "Order, Heaven's First Law." Lillie Parks of Amador county read an essay entitled "Nehemia's Story." Miss Sadie Quinlan recited a meritorious poem, "Isabella of Castile." Miss Marie Ruiz of Mexico had another well-written poem and thus referred to his Grace Archbishop Riordan who was present: And Admiral of St. Mary's barque. Our leader on the sea of truth, Your honored grace be yours to-day, The morning song of grateful youth.

Mamie Farney read the class motto, Bettie Tisdale following with a poem entitled "A Vision of the days of Eld," which was one of the best productions read during the exercises.

Graduation honors were conferred on Misses Sadie Quinlan, Mary Farney, Sara Tennant and Lillie Parks and Miss Tisdale received the degree of A. B. She was also the recipient of a magnificent gold medal for proficiency in studies.

The exercises were brought to a close with an address by his Grace who was in his happiest vein. He congratulated the students upon their successful efforts and referred in eloquent terms to the splendid and self-sacrificing work of the Sisters.

Among the clergy present were Rev. Fathers Calzia, Walsh, Dowling, McSweeney, King, Kenna, Muller, McNally and Reardon.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE.

The following named having completed the course of studies prescribed for the second collegiate class at Sacred Heart College, received certificates which entitle them to admission into the graduating class of St. Mary's College: Daniel C. Deasy, David A. Drady, Robert A. Nolan, George B. Keane, James White, George W. Dowling.

The following named having completed the course prescribed for the third collegiate class received their first certificates: J. Edward Brady, Cornelius J. Regan, Cornelius E. Kennedy, Francis J. Gallagher, James P. Moran, John J. Rowe, John P. Carroll, James Hanley, Alban White, James F. Cosgrove, William D. Flinn, Harry McCarthy.

The following named having completed the course in the business department received diplomas: William J. Benn, Francis Horn, William Fitzgerald.

The following named having completed the course in the commercial class received certificates which entitle them to admission into the practical business department: Joseph Green, Francis McDewitt, William Brown, Lorenzo Buckley, Vincent Versalovich, William McCafferty, Charles McCormack.

SACRED HEART CONVENT.

The commencement exercises of the Sacred Heart Presentation Convent School was held on Thursday afternoon of last week in the large hall connected with the convent. It was tastefully decorated with flowers for the occasion.

The program consisted of music and recitations and a drama entitled "Columbus, elect and free," which called into play nearly seventy-five young ladies, and a farce entitled "A Precious Pickle." Both were excellently presented, showing how well the Presentation Sisters care for the educational wants of those placed under their care. Then came the distribution of prizes as follows:

The successful competitors for a gold medal for Christian doctrine, presented by his Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan were Susie Pooley, Annie Gately, winner; Katie Walsh, Nellie Mahon. Successful competitors for a gold medal for general excellence, presented by Very Rev. Father Prendergast, V. G.—Nellie Mahon, Annie Gately, Katie Walsh, Kathleen Leahy, Lizzie Egan, Josie Gately, Mary Madden, Lillie Power, winner. Silver medals for Christian doctrine, presented by Rev. Father Kirby—winner in junior graduate class, Lillie Power; first grade, Katie Walsh; second grade, Alice Haley; third grade, Virginia Jolliffe. Silver medals for diligence in studies, awarded to May Robinson, Kathleen Leahy, Lillie Power, Josie Keating, Lizzie Egan, Frances Sullivan, Florence Pape, Lizzie Ryan, Emma Burke, Eva Sedden.

Premiums for Christian doctrine were awarded to Mary T. Farrell. Premiums for deportment—Annie Gately, Emma Burke, Mary Madden, Katie Convery, Katie Kingsley. Premiums for diligence—Nellie Mahon, Nellie Casey, Mary Collins, Nellie Besby. Regular attendance—Kathleen Leahy, Katie Neyland, Alice Haley, Nellie Kearny, Penmanship—Maggie Stapleton, Eva Ledden, Mary Ryan, Mary Haley, Mary O'Shanessy.

Silver medal for music awarded to Josie Barry; premium for music, Grace Noonan; premium for oil painting, Mary T. Farrell; premium for pastel drawing, Nellie Mahon; premium for fancy needle work, Annie Reidy; French, Eleanor Stevenson; elocution, Susie Pooley.

Life is a sort of masquerade and many die without unmasking. We have all a soft spot. Let us pray that it is not in our heads. Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Contentment with to-day's lot makes candidacy for a better lot to-morrow.

Gas Fitting, sanitary Plumbing or leaky-roof repairing orders will be promptly attended to at Ahlback and Kayser, 426 Hayes St.

The Secret of Fine Pastry.

Is wholly in using Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. The only pure Cream Tartar Powder sold on the market. Other brands contain either ammonia, alum or some other adulterant. Ammonia or alum powders dry out, make the dough too porous, leaving a bitter taste, etc.

No agency has assisted so much toward perfection in cookery as Price's Cream Baking Powder. Its ingredients are simple and so blended as to exist in exact chemical proportions, so after use there is never any excess of either left in the food. Hence there can be no impurities whatever left in the finished food. No bitter taste, no taint of ammonia, but food raised with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder partakes of the natural sweet flavor of the flour and keeps moist and fresh for days. This powder possesses qualities peculiar to it alone. No other makes such delicious pastry. No other contains the white of eggs.

TAKEN IN HIS YOUTH.

Death of a Promising Young Californian Far from Home.

A sad affliction has befallen Mr. A. D. Pryal and family of Claremont, near Oakland. Mr. Pryal's son Andrew had been absent nine years in the east attending college and business connected with the government. He had arranged to wind up his business in Washington and leave that city May 23d so as to be home with his parents, brothers and sisters a few days later so as to celebrate his birthday and prepare for engaging permanently in the practice of law in Oakland or this city with his brother.

But Providence has decreed otherwise, for about a week before the time he had fixed for leaving the Capital he was taken sick with a malarial fever so common in Washington. After ten days this developed into typhoid, and then he was attended by the best of doctors and given every attention in the hope that his life would be spared, but his life's course ended on the morning of June 1st. When his malady assumed a serious phase Andrew was attended by a priest and the last sacraments of the Church administered.

The remains were embalmed and shipped to Oakland, the funeral being arranged to take place from his parent's home, thence to the Church of the Sacred Heart, Temescal.

At an early age the dead young man showed an aptitude for learning. At the district school near where he was born and raised he led his class and even at St. Joseph's Academy in Oakland he was a favorite with the Brothers and all the pupils. At this school the power of oratory which he more fully acquired afterward, began to manifest itself. He graduated from the Oakland High School in May, 1883, and on the first of June left for the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, where he acquired to an eminent degree that soldierly bearing, which, coupled with a sweetness of character, made him the gentleman he was. After leaving the Academy he entered the War Department at Washington and pursued at the same time a course of law in the celebrated Georgetown University, from which he was graduated in 1888. He passed through various departments of the government and while in West Virginia as a special Pension Examiner, distinguished himself as one of the very best officers in the service.

He was of large and commanding physique, being often referred to by older Californians at the Capital as a specimen of our California boys. He undoubtedly had a bright career before him and his loss will not only be a loss to his family but to the state as well.

Mr. Pryal's father was one of the early settlers in this city, and in the early sixties located permanently in Alameda county. Andrew was a brother of W. A. Pryal, formerly an owner and editor of the Golden State Catholic. Another brother died just two years ago.

Special Premium Offer.

In order that every Catholic family may have a life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, whose feast day will be celebrated on the 21st inst., the Witness proposes to make a special offering of a copy of The Life of St. Aloysius as an inducement to any one securing for this paper but one subscriber.

As St. Aloysius is the patron saint of youth every Catholic boy or girl should read his life. It is full of noble examples and the lessons it teaches will always bear good fruit in a young Catholic heart.

This is a chance of a lifetime for Catholic boys and girls. Remember that you need but to secure one subscriber to the WESTERN WITNESS at \$1.50 per year and get this magnificent premium. No Catholic family is complete without a copy of the WITNESS on its center table, and no boy or girl can afford to do without a copy of the life of this great saint.

Remember the offer will close on the 21st of June, the feast day of St. Aloysius, and that the price of the people's popular paper is but \$1.50 per year, including the life of the saint.

PACIFIC AMATEUR LEAGUE.

Successful Termination—St. Mary's College Nine Pennant Winners.

The Pacific Amateur League, composed of clubs from St. Mary's College, Oakland, University of California, Leeland Stanford Jr. University, and the Reliance Club of Oakland finished the schedule of games on Saturday; each club played six games; the following is their standing:

	Per Cent.
St. Mary's	100
University	50
Reliance	33
Palo Alto	16

A great amount of interest has been taken in the games by the admirers of the different teams and the managers have reason to feel that the league has been in every way a success. One noticeable feature was the brilliant playing of the Phoenix club of St. Mary's College; while the other teams were constantly changing their men to strengthen the weak places St. Mary's played the same men in the same position every game.

St. Mary's College has, since its foundation, been famous not only for its successful achievements in the field of letters, but also for the strong baseball teams it has fostered. Away back in the early seventies St. Mary's could boast of the champion club of the coast, having such players as Ashley, Cullen, Carroll, Coyle, Magendie and others, who, after leaving college, delighted the crowds that used to assemble at the old Recreation Grounds on Folsom street, San Francisco, in the days when mits, masks and protectors were unknown. The same players formed the nucleus of the old Centennials, who went East in '76 and gave exhibition games in Philadelphia and other Eastern cities. Later on Lawton, Arnold, Geggus, McGanney, Jim McElroy, Coffey, Arguello, Purcell, Lorrigan, McGlade, Loughran, Seymour, Cooney and Phelan were among the prominent players at St. Mary's College, then situated on the old Mission road, San Francisco. Many of these players afterwards entered the professional ranks and made brilliant records.

The college team adopted the name Phoenix in 1879; it was composed of the following players: Jim McElroy, pitcher; Coffey, catcher; M. T. Dooling, first base and captain; Daley, second base; Pacheco, third base; Ahern, short stop; Keyes, left field; Redondo, center field; Clark, right field. From this time on the club rarely was defeated while playing the best amateur nines of the coast often strengthened by professionals.

The present Phoenix Club is composed of the following: Manager, F. W. Burke of Salt Lake City; Captain and catcher, T. Phelan of San Francisco; pitcher, J. A. Cooney of San Francisco; first base, W. P. Sinnott of Portland, Or.; second base, W. L. Dunn of Oakland; third base, T. F. Burke of Petaluma; short stop, C. D. McGettigan of Vallejo; left field, J. J. Corbett of San Francisco; center field, T. F. Agnew of Oakland; right field, F. McNeill of Woodland; extra, P. W. McGlade of San Francisco.

Of the pitchers of the League Cooney of St. Mary's stands at the head with a total of 5 games, 21 hits and 66 strike outs. None of the other pitchers approach him in this record. Bowen of the University of California who pitched an equal number of games, had 30 hits made off of him and only 34 strike outs. The other pitchers are away down on the scale.

The St. Mary's team led the other teams in batting. Joe Corbett ranks first in batting, having eleven hits to his credit, followed by Phelan, Sinnott, Cooney, Agnew, Simpson, Drum and Harelsion in the order named.

OF PERSONAL INTEREST.

Rev. J. W. Allen of St. Vincent's Church is at Bartlett Springs.

Rev. Father Guccio, pastor of Chico was in the city on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip S. Fay are enjoying their summer in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Alfred R. Kelly will rusticate at Larkspur during the present season.

C. D. O'Sullivan leaves for Europe via Panama on the 15th inst. He contemplates spending some years in Milan in the study of music.

J. J. O'Rourke has been elected a school trustee in the Temescal school district and A. D. Pryant in the Peralta district in Alameda county.

Pedro Gomez, for many years sexton of the old and new Cathedrals, has gone to Mendocino on account of his health, which has become impaired by close application to his duties.

Mrs. Bertha Welch, Mrs. Luke Robinson, Miss Welch and Miss Robinson went to San Jose last Tuesday to attend the exercises at the Convent of Notre Dame and Santa Clara College and will return at the end of the week.

Daniell O'Connell and a party of genial companions are on a tramping tour through Santa Clara county, having as their ultimate destination the summit of Mount Hamilton. They will return the latter part of next week.

At times when human prudence ends and sees nothing clearly then the light of Divine wisdom begins to dawn—St. Vincent de Paul.

OUR DAILY PRAYER.

O dearest Mother, pure and fair,
Listen to our fervent prayer;
Make our hearts more like to thine,
That we may do His will divine,
Who on the Cross, with love exceeding
For our sins, hung pale and bleeding
While yet his tender heart was pleading,
Through thee, Mother, our every prayer,
Each day's suffering, work and care,
We offer to His Sacred Heart.
May our offerings all impart
More fervor to our daily life
A charm to save when peril's rife
More courage to the ceaseless strife.

—LITTLE MESSENGER.

[The above poem was written by Mrs. Bonesteel of Nebraska, who is at present on a visit to this Coast, her husband being detailed as Range Officer, to supervise the annual artillery practice of the Government troops at the different military posts about the harbor. Mrs. Bonesteel takes quite an interest in works of charity and is a frequent contributor to the Catholic press.—Ed. WITNESS.]

Something Worth Reading.

A musical organization known as the Borromean Brass Band has recently been formed in the mission by a number of Catholic young men under the direction of Mr. Urbanus and now numbers eleven members. They are making rapid progress in the acquisition of musical knowledge. They are desirous of securing a few more members, and any Catholic young men desirous of learning further particulars can obtain any information by addressing the secretary, G. Ryan, 2406 Folsom street.

The Santa Cruz Surf last Monday is sued a special commemorative number in honor of its ninth birthday as a daily. The prosperity of the Surf bespeaks the growth of Santa Cruz. It also sent with the great eight-page issue of that date a copy of the Surf issued nine years ago. A glance at both tells the story.

"East Lynne" has drawn the usual run of full houses to the Grove Street Theatre during the past week. Next Monday, the melodrama of "A Planter's Wife" will be placed upon the boards with a full wealth of gorgeous scenery. Many improvements are now under way. The proscenium arch is being handsomely decorated, canopies are being placed over the boxes, and the galleries and walls are being decorated in light tints. But the triumph of managerial skill will be consummated on Monday, the 20th inst. Dan McCarthy, the author and star and his entire troupe will present the "Cruiskeen Lawn," one of the most pleasing of Irish dramas. Dan McCarthy is a tuneful singer and a graceful dancer. There is also a quartet, Irish bag-pipe players, and a novel feature in Professor Campbell's shadow-graph views, showing noted Irish heroes and places of interest in the Emerald Isle. Matinees every Saturday at 2 o'clock.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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Ladies out of town sending this ad. with 10 cents in stamps will receive book of instructions box of Skin Food and Face Powder Free.

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MR. BLAKE.....Darrell Vinton

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Hereby tenders her sincere thanks to the numerous ladies who favor her with their patronage.

MILLINERY BUSINESS IS BOOMING.
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Fresh Novelties in Millinery This Week.
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A Magnificent Piece of Needle-work.
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2422 MISSION ST., San Francisco.

(Bet. 20th and 21st.)

N. B.—Mrs. E. M. Robinson has opened a large and extensive Millinery Parlor at the above address. All the latest styles on the Coast at hand.

Come and see the new styles for the season. The prices are moderate.
Hats trim and in the latest style for 25 cts.

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Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

Rooms beautifully furnished, complete for house-keeping. Everything in the way of comfort complete. Apply to Mrs. S. Gardner, 210 Turk street.

MADELAINE LEROUX.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.



She turned around and saw an enormous pig.

The white road that leads from Candebe to Villequier mounts for a short way very steeply, until it is some height above the little meadow beside the Seine. On the right is a wooded hill, and the top of the descent to the meadow is bordered by silver stemmed, slender armed birch trees, which at evening time look weird and ghostly.

At the foot of this road, on the side nearest the town of Candebe, there stands a pleasant looking white house, with a high roof and two huge chimney stacks. The porch and a bay window are covered with climbing roses, which have stretched their branches to reach an upper row of lattices.

A large grass plot, with a slated path running around it, is in front of the house; and this path continues on the left and is soon lost to sight in a shrubbery, backed with trees, that leads to a garden behind. On the other side a low stone wall, so old that it is many colored with moss and lichen, divides both front and back garden from the orchard which slopes up the hill beside the white road.

The river makes a sudden bend outward after it has passed the house, so that its steep green bank borders the road just opposite Mademoiselle Chaumelle's dwelling. Only a few days ago the high autumn tide of the Barre swept furiously over this bank, across the road, and through the tall iron entrance gates, till it flung a shower of yellow foam and stones and twigs against Mademoiselle Chaumelle's windows.

The river looked quiet enough this morning, half veiled in a soft mist that gave warning of coming frost. The trees far on the left, where the river takes a dark bend toward Candebequet, looked much less dense than they had looked yesterday; so many brown and gold leaves had fallen under cover of the darkness.

The lattice above the bay window opened, and a bright girl's face looked out. For a moment her earnest, dark eyes gazed lovingly across the Seine, and then leftward toward the mist veiled bend, but Madeline Leroux was practical, and she knew that if she meant to gather Aunt Virginia a nosegay before breakfast, she had little time to spend in admiring the view from her window.

The few remaining blossoms on the Gloire de Dijon rose below her window were out of reach, and so were some creamy noisette roses on the porch. When she reached the garden the border flowers that had looked so gay from her window proved themselves to be deceptions; the tall white daisies, on which she had reckoned, had blackened tips, and the chrysanthemum petals were nipped brown. She gave a little cry of triumph as she looked around. Just against the iron fence in front of the house she spied a bunch of China roses, so exquisitely varied in their rosy tint that they seemed too lovely to be real. Madeline thought this as she stood looking at them; she was so absorbed by their beauty that a sudden grunt made her start.

She turned around and saw an enormous pig in the middle of the grass plot. It was grunting both with its fore feet and with its snout in search of some treasure which it evidently expected to find under the turf, and it grunted as it grunted.

"Go away, go away, you nasty, greedy creature!" the girl cried in a frightened voice. "You are spoiling Aunt Virginia's grass plot. Go, go, I say!" She swished her pale blue skirt at the intruder. For an instant it left off grunting, but it stared at Madeline with such fierce little red eyes that the girl drew back in alarm.

"What shall I do? I believe pigs bite when they are savage." Then she shouted: "Joseph! Elise! come, come! Joseph, make haste! The garden will be spoiled!"

The huge pig had gone back with a grunt to its grunting, but the girl's cries seemed to irritate it; it came toward her, shaking its huge sides and grunting, looking, she thought, still more savage; it was between her and the house, and as it continued to advance on her Madeline suddenly lost courage and she fled to the entrance gates.

A passer by stopped as she reached them.

"Help me!" the girl said breathlessly, and she opened the gate. "Please drive the pig away; I am afraid of it."

She scarcely looked at the stranger; she only saw that he was a man, and she felt sure that he would help her.

The stranger seemed young and strong, but the pig took no heed of his raised walking stick. Seeing this, he rained a shower of blows on the back of the ugly brute, which drew forth a hideous series of grunts and squeals, and to Madeline's relief the creature trotted out into the road, its enormous sides shaking an accompaniment to its clamor.

Two women servants and a man ran into the garden. There was a buzz of

how much of it had been provoked by the absorbed interest he had read in her.

"Come in, monsieur, come in then," I beg of you. Let me thank you a thousand times for stopping mischief. Ehl then, monsieur, it is the fault of my careless gardener, Joseph, to whom, if you will believe me, I have more than once pointed out the necessity of mending that hole in the wall beside the orchard. Ah! monsieur, you are indeed a friend in need. It was well that you came to the rescue, for that was the savage sow of the Marais, and it is a wonder she did not fly at you. Were you much frightened, my precious Madeline?"

By this time Mademoiselle Chaumelle had come up with Madeline and her champion, and the stranger could not help smiling at the contrast between the aunt and the niece.

The round ball of a woman, with her happy, smiling face, seemed shorter than she really was, as she stood patting the slim, tall girl's shoulder. Just now Madeline's dark gypsylike face was bent down, and her slender figure seemed to be crouching with shame at the remembrance of her cowardice; for she thought that a really formidable animal would not have been so quickly routed; she thought, too, that her aunt was unnecessarily gushing in her gratitude for such a service.

Madeline had only arrived late on the previous evening, and then Monsieur le Cure had come in to supper; so there had not been time for a comfortable talk alone with Aunt Virginia.

Madeline Leroux had a father and an excellent stepmother. Her own mother, her Aunt Virginia's sister, had died when the girl was still an infant; but though her stepmother loved her very dearly, Madame Leroux did not spoil Madeline as Mademoiselle Chaumelle did, and the girl was always ready to go and stay at Candebe. She had come this time to take her aunt's advice on a very important subject, and she was uneasy till their talk had taken place.

"Is monsieur making a stay in Candebe?" Mademoiselle Leroux asked the stranger.

"I shall be here a few days," he answered; and then he glanced toward the porch as if he wanted to be asked indoors.

Mademoiselle Chaumelle was looking at him with a very mournful expression in her eyes.

"Pardon me, monsieur," she said, and Madeline thought her aunt's voice sounded broken. "but you remind me so much of some one I knew years ago. May I venture to ask your name?"

Madeline looked hard at the stranger, and she thought she had never seen that grave, almost stern, face before. Dark gray-blue eyes looked out frankly under well marked eyebrows; the nose and the forehead reminded the girl of an ancient coin, and the mouth, though partly hidden by a brown mustache, was sharply cut and full of character. Madeline decided that the stranger must be very severe, and she felt sure he must think her aunt foolish. The part of his face she liked best was his broad, square forehead, and the crisp waves of rich brown hair above it.

He looked, she fancied, surprised at her aunt's question, but he answered at once: "My name is Maurice Henri, mademoiselle. I live at present in Paris, but I shall probably settle in Rouen some day."

Mademoiselle Chaumelle looked disappointed. "My friend's name was not Henri, monsieur; but it is strange that one of his Christian names was Maurice. Monsieur must permit me to say that the likeness I see makes me feel as if he were an old acquaintance. Will he be so amiable as to come in and breakfast with us this morning?"

Monsieur Henri bowed. He had breakfasted before he came out, but the spinster's ready hospitality pleased him, and, besides, he wanted to talk to her silent niece. Madeline was not inclined to talk, and after several attempts Monsieur Henri devoted himself entirely to his hostess.

Madeline felt so cross and contradictory that she preferred to be silent. She was so much accustomed to be in the right with every one that it rarely occurred to her to question her own wisdom, but after a few minutes she regretted her silence and the abrupt way in which she had answered this gentleman, who had spoken politely to her. And then she told herself that it was quite natural that she should feel upset by his presence; she knew that she should not be allowed to stay long at Candebe, and she had to discuss with her aunt the unpleasant and important subject that troubled her before she went home. It was true that she had already made up her mind on this marriage proposed to her by her father and her stepmother. She did not want to be married, and she had said so; they had smiled in answer, and told her she must not decide hastily.

Madeline felt sure she was right, but she wanted to be justified by her aunt's assent to her opinion. Aunt Virginia always agreed with her. "We think so much alike," the girl said to herself, as she ate her breakfast, perfectly unconscious that she had as yet never yielded up her own will to that of Aunt Virginia.

She could not help enjoying Monsieur Henri's talk; it sounded so interesting, and at last, when he gave an account of a journey he had made in Switzerland that summer, her cheeks flushed and her eyes glowed as he related his Alpine adventures, for Mademoiselle Chaumelle had the gift of drawing out conversation from others.

Madeline's eyes strayed to the visitor's face and she saw how truly it expressed his feelings. He looked so determined, so in earnest, and yet there was a sweet, kind look in his eyes that fascinated her in spite of herself. Her observations were quickly interrupted.

Monsieur Henri seemed to feel that her eyes were fixed on him. He looked up so suddenly that he met them full. Madeline turned away with an angry flush at the admiration she saw in Monsieur Henri's face. She did not know

how much of it had been provoked by the absorbed interest he had read in her. Her impatience came back. She felt indignant with her aunt. She was certain that her mother would not approve of such a sudden acquaintance, for Aunt Virginia went on talking to this stranger as though he were an old friend.

"I shall tell her," Madeline thought, "that German story mother gave me to read, where the heroine dances and talks with a stranger all through the evening of a masked ball, and then after supper, when every one unmask, the unknown cavalier turns out to be the common hangman. Yes, indeed, I shall scold Aunt Virginia for her imprudence."

Madeline drew herself up with a pretty air of dignity that delighted the observant guest on the opposite side of the table.



But she allowed herself to be helped down.

Days passed away, and yet no summons came to Madeline from Rouen. She was enjoying herself far too much to take count of the days as they slipped pleasantly by; she simply lived in the present; and even when she remembered the object of her visit she shrunk from the unpleasant subject and tried to forget it.

On that first morning she had begun to lecture her aunt as soon as Monsieur Henri went away, and then Mademoiselle Chaumelle had stopped her, and had made a most touching confession. She told Madeline in simple, pathetic words the love story of her youth—a story which till now her niece had never suspected. Madeline had indeed 'wings of remorse' as she listened to the tender little narrative; till now dear old Aunt Virginia had seemed too unattractive to be the heroine of such a romance. The girl listened with full sympathy; she had never felt so much interested. It was plain to her that Aunt Virginia's betrothed had been a hero; it was very, very sad that death had stepped in to part such a pair of lovers.

The girl wondered, while she listened, whether special qualities belonged to special features, and whether Monsieur Henri, who, according to Mademoiselle Chaumelle, was the living portrait of her dead Maurice, possessed his heroic nature.

Since that first day it had been difficult for either aunt or niece to think of any one but Monsieur Henri, he had taken such complete possession of them both. He came to see them every evening, and before he left them he planned some delightful expedition for the next day.

One morning he persuaded them to drive to Jumièges, and they had dined at the little inn there, and driven home in the dusk beside the river. Another day they went in the Seine steamer to Havre, and visited Trouville. Today they were embarked on a much longer journey.

They had driven over to Lillebonne, and after seeing its lions they were now bound for Tancarville, a pretty little village with an old castle beside the Seine. Monsieur Henri had assured them they could lodge at Tancarville, as the days were now too short for them to return to Candebe the same evening. Madeline thought the plan delightful. It seemed to her like some happy fairy tale. When they were leaving Lillebonne, Mademoiselle Chaumelle had greatly surprised Monsieur Henri.

"Do you mind exchanging places with me, monsieur? I will sit beside the driver," said the old lady; "I shall get a better view of the country."

Madeline felt pleased; she had grown tired of her role of listener. Since that first day Monsieur Henri had talked exclusively to her aunt, answering any remark of her own as briefly as possible. Madeline thought he was ungrateful, but then she felt sure she had been rude; she was glad of this chance of showing that she knew how to behave. Monsieur Henri looked as if he also liked the change, and he seated himself beside her, and the girl smiled back at him. She was so happy today that everything pleased her.

"Is it a long drive to Tancarville?" she asked.

"About the same distance we came this morning; but you will find it pleasant, I think; the country is so much prettier."

"It will be about the last drive we shall have," she said. "I must soon go back to Rouen."

He looked at her very earnestly. "I suppose you will be glad to go home, will you not?"

Madeline thought he said this a little sadly.

"Glad—oh, dear, no. I am so fond of being at Candebe with my aunt. Besides—"

She hesitated, and there came a pause of silence.

"Do you mean," he said presently, "that you are happier here than you would be at Rouen?"

Madeline gave an impulsive sigh. She longed to tell her trouble to Monsieur Henri. In these four days spent together she had seen as much of him as she would have seen in a much longer series of occasional visits; she liked him very much, though he did not seem to care about her, and she was sure that he might be trusted.

He looked at her inquiringly, but ex-

cept by her sigh she did not answer him.

"That was a heavy sigh," he said at last; "it sounded as if some trouble were waiting for you at Rouen."

Madeline darted a swift glance at him, and she saw that he was smiling.

"You say that as a joke," she said. "Suppose it happens to be real earnest? Suppose there is trouble—something horrible waiting for me when I go back to Rouen?"

There was such a pathetic reproach in her dark eyes that Monsieur Henri looked grave at once.

"I am so sorry," he said; and Madeline thought how full of sympathy his voice was. "I wish I knew the nature of this 'horrid' thing; because I might perhaps be able to help you."

"Thank you ever so much."

She gave him a grateful glance, and Monsieur Henri thought he had never seen her look so sweet; till today he had had so little talk with her, and it was when she talked that Madeline's face became expressive and sweet. Every moment he grew more fascinated with his companion.

"Will you not tell me?" he said. "I should like to tell you"—she looked frankly at him, then her voice faltered and her eyes fell under his, "but I am afraid I must not, because it is not quite my own trouble—it belongs also to my parents."

"I wonder how old you are," he said.

"You look very young to be so discreet," Madeline laughed.

"I am nineteen; but, monsieur, I think that a girl much younger than I am knows when to speak and when to hold her tongue."

He laughed. "You must pardon my indiscreet remark," he said.

"Why did Monsieur Henri laugh?" Madeline asked herself. She was not vexed with him, but she could not help wondering what he could find to laugh at in her words.

He was silent after this, and she, too, had lost her wish to talk; it was a new and delightful feeling to have him there beside her. She did not care how long the journey might prove; she was not in a hurry to reach Tancarville; this drive was pleasant enough to go on forever.

Meantime Aunt Virginia had become very tired of the box seat. The driver was so deaf that she soon gave up any attempt at conversation with him, and, though the country was pretty, the succession of green fields and trees, with an occasional bit of blue distance, had become monotonous. All at once she broke into the delicious silence of her fellow travelers.

"I saw five marked on the last stone," she said. "Do you think, monsieur, we are still five kilometers from Tancarville?"

"About that, I should say," then he called to the driver to stop. "Your aunt must be tired of sitting up there," he said to Madeline. "I had better take her place."

Mademoiselle Chaumelle protested a little, but she allowed herself to be helped down and placed by the side of her niece. It was really a great relief to her to find herself once more in her proper place. It had seemed to her only kind and natural to give Monsieur Henri the chance of talking to the bright young girl instead of always being perched up on the box seat, but while she sat there in silence it had occurred to Mademoiselle Chaumelle that, although Monsieur Henri evidently admired her niece, he had not spoken to her on the subject, and her brother and sister-in-law might justly blame her for giving him this opportunity with their daughter when perhaps he was not in their eyes a suitable husband for Madeline, even if he had any serious intentions regarding the girl.

Mademoiselle Chaumelle felt far more pleased at the exchange of seats than her niece did, now that the chance was snatched from her. Madeline remembered ever so many things she would have liked to talk to Monsieur Henri about; perhaps they might not be left together again; and though Aunt Virginia was so nice, it was quite different to talk before a third person, the girl thought. The summons home might come any day, and Madeline knew that it would probably come in the shape of her father, who would arrive without giving any previous notice, and ask her to pack up and return to Rouen with him. Life was not as happy as it had seemed in the morning; the remembrance of that deferred consultation with Aunt Virginia, and of her father's probable insistence, had destroyed the glamor of her fairy tale.

Presently she gave a cry of delight. She caught a glimpse of the Seine, and Monsieur Henri had told her they would not see this again till just before their arrival at the inn at Tancarville. Very soon they had passed the ruined castle and were driving down the steep, tree bordered road that leads to the little inn lying snugly at the foot of the castle crowned cliff. It was doubly sheltered, for a tall, white headed cliff rose up on its farther side and at the back it was surrounded by huge forest trees, already showing gold and russet among their green leaves. Between the inn and the shining river lay a grass plot with flower beds, and in the middle was a bean arbor made by training runner beans over osiers.

The party had left the carriage at the back of the house, and being told that the mistress was in the garden, they came through the kitchen and found the stout Norman woman mounted on a ladder, gathering a last dish of cherries. (Continued on Page 8.)

We wish to draw the attention of the public at large to our Artistic Photographer FOWLER. Medals received at Mechanic's Institute, 1890, for most excellent quality of work, and 1891 for most Artistic Photographs. Studio, 337 Hayes street; branch, 1227 Market street, San Francisco. Copying and enlarging of all kinds in Crayon, India Ink and Water Colors.

FAVORABLE COMMENTS.

His Grace the Archbishop Writes and Recommends It.

Reference has heretofore been made in the WITNESS to the magnificent work of Pere Didon. The following commendations coming from such authorities as the names subjoined to the following letters, show in what esteem the work is held among Catholic ecclesiastical dignitaries:

ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE, 1122 Eddy Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1892.

I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of Pere Didon's "Life of Jesus Christ," and thank you for so valuable a work. A work on any subject coming from the hand of the eloquent and learned Father Didon would attract the attention of the Christian and the scholar, and be eagerly sought after. How much more one on the life of the founder of the Christian religion. I should wish to see it in the hands, not only of those who believe in the divine mission of the Saviour of the world, but of those who don't, that all may be brought to learn wisdom from his lips, and feel the truth of the saying of the Apostle: "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God abideth in him and he in God."

Sincerely yours,

P. W. RIORDAN.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, 403 Twenty-fourth Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 23, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your beautiful translation of the well-known "Life of Christ" by Pere Didon. The volumes reflect the highest credit on your firm for the excellent manner in which they are gotten up, and I hope that their circulation will be such as to justify you in embarking in similar enterprises. Your volumes should find a place—one of the most honored among books—in every Christian household.

Yours respectfully,

P. J. CASEY.

Pere Didon's great work bears the approbation of the Censors and Master-General of the Dominican Order at Rome, and the original edition in the French language has already reached a sale of more than twenty editions. Not in many years has a similar book been published that has obtained such an extensive sale, or attracted more attention abroad, and been received by the foreign reviewers with more enthusiastic and most unstinted praise than Didon's Jesus Christ.

The present edition has been carefully edited by one of the ablest ecclesiastical writers of the Roman Catholic Church in America, Monsignor O'Reilly and his Eminence the Cardinal has graciously esteemed the work of sufficient importance and value to contribute the introductory chapter.

No student of the holy bible, and of the life and character of our blessed Saviour, can afford to be without this graphically told story of that life and mission on earth. Every admirer of a purer literature will find in its pages matter for much thought and deep admiration for the subject and the author. His style is pure and elegant, at times really eloquent, and simple but exceedingly fascinating. The work of Pere Didon is commended to all—Catholics or Protestants—as being the most powerful and intensely interesting contribution to the ecclesiastical literature of the times.

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THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, APR. 21, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market-street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS: 7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

SUNDAYS: 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS: 6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30, A. M. 1:40, 3:10, 5:05, P. M.

SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS: 8:10, 9:40, 11:10, A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS: 6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:35 A. M.; 2:45, 4:05, 5:35, P. M.

SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

SUNDAYS: 8:35, 10:05, 11:35, A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

Week Days. Week Days.

7:40 A. 8:00 A. Petaluma and Santa Rosa. 10:40 A. 8:50 A. 3:30 P. 9:30 A. 6:05 P. 10:30 A. 5:05 P. 5:00 P. 7:25 P. 6:10 P.

7:40 A. 8:00 A. Fulton, Windy, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale and Way Stations. 7:25 P. 10:30 A. 3:30 P. 6:10 P.

7:40 A. 8:00 A. Hopland and Ukiah. 7:25 P. 6:10 P.

7:40 A. 8:00 A. Guerneville. 7:25 P. 10:30 A. 3:30 P. 6:10 P.

7:40 A. 8:00 A. Sonoma and Glen Ellen. 10:40 A. 8:50 A. 5:05 P. 6:05 P. 6:10 P.

7:40 A. 8:00 A. Sebastopol. 10:40 A. 10:30 A. 3:30 P. 6:05 P. 6:10 P.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Steamer Point, Guadalupe and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Petaluma for Healdsburg, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Ukiah Springs, Searsville Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cato, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydeville and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sunday only, to Petaluma, \$1.00; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3.00; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1.20; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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FATHER KÖNIG'S NERVE TONIC

In its worst form.

Boston, Lar. Co. Wm. Dec. 92.

Rev. J. C. Bergen writes for the Boston Herald:

James Köneig was suffering from Vitus Dance in its worst form for about

THE PUZZLER

No. 146.—Numerical Enigma.
An old lady who did not like the works of a certain author (but mostly from prejudice on account of his life) exclaimed: "I cannot see whatever induced 1 2 3 to 4 5 6 writing 1 2 3 4 5 6. He was no sort of a 1 2 3 4." She would listen to no remonstrances from her grandchildren on the subject, but would silence them with this unanswerable argument: "Children, I knew him when he was a boy."

No. 147.—Pictorial Puzzle.



From the letters contained in the word represented by the central picture, form the names of the surrounding ones.

No. 148.—Word Squares.

1. The first word of four letters represents "the outer coats of wheat, rye, etc., separated from the flour by bolting." The next of four, an esculent grain of warm climates. The third of four, one hundred and sixty-seven square rods. The last of four, "necessity; poverty."
2. The first word of four letters represents "to pronounce words or letters in their proper order." The second, "a sound reflected or reverberated." The third, an interjection. The fourth, "a spherical or arched roof."

No. 149.—Geographical Enigmas.

Miss
Two postoffices in the United States.

No. 150.—Double Acrostic.

My primals spell, the name of a celebrated conqueror; my finals, the surname of the author of a very popular book. The primals and finals together spell the name of a hero.
Crosswords (of equal length): 1. A tree. 2. A South American lizard. 3. The sweet bay. 4. A leguminous plant. 5. Yttrium. 6. Pertaining to the maple. 7. A plant sacred to Venus.

No. 151.—Ungathered Mayflowers.

Lal bauto het fanogies rai
Fou wenbron nestesweli
Dan elit hungarede yamfrowel ware
Het sint fowanne-si-shi
Eht ldo, rimigies cranitie
Si shret sa ferotheroe
Nad thare steak pu sit ahebral
Fo file rohm thade cone rome.

No. 152.—A Mysterious Inscription.

The following is the translation of an Arabic inscription discovered in the temple of Persepolis. It should be so read as to form four moral and useful maxims:
say know says knows says knows
spend have spends has spends has
tell hear tells hears tells hears
covet see covets sees wants sees
Do not all you for he who all he often more than he

No. 153.—The Silver Cup Problem.

A gentleman has two silver cups with one cover to both; the three together weigh twelve ounces, and are in such proportion that if the cover be put on the greater it will double the lesser, and if put on the lesser it will be equal in weight to the greater. What are their respective weights?

No. 154.—Enigmatical Birds.

To steal, a preposition.
A pronoun, a preposition.
A color, a tool.
Husks, a measure.
Part of a ship's rigging; to propel with oars.
A grain, part of the body.

Wise and Otherwise.

The cook doesn't burn everything she sets on fire.
The bed of a lake is always furnished with a sheet of water.
The man who can sign a large check has writes that are universally respected.
Apples always look nice in the orchard that has a high fence around it.
Those who dance must pay the chiropodist.
The people who would have done so and so, if they had been there, never get there.
Greenland has no cats. How thankful the Greenlanders should be! Imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long.
A barefaced robbery is frequently committed by masked men.
A well fitted shoe is faithful to the last.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 138.—A Double Acrostic: Napoleon-Waterloo.
1. NeW. 2. AdA. 3. PorT. 4. OgrE. 5. LegislatoR. 6. Evil. 7. OutdO. 8. Negro.

No. 139.—A Novel Word Square: Anna, Noon, Noun, Anna.

No. 140.—A Pyramid:
M
S
M
T
R
G
A
L
V
E
S
T
O
N

No. 141.—Anagram: Appetite.
No. 142.—The Way You Look at a Thing: John Adams—President.

No. 143.—Zigzags: The Golden Dust Man. 1. Zeal. 2. Shop. 3. Beet. 4. Prig. 5. Sloe. 6. Ally. 7. Dial. 8. Gear. 9. Link. 10. Shad. 11. Club. 12. Espy. 13. Toss. 14. Emit. 15. Slab. 16. Kite.

No. 144.—Decapitation: Pansy, Park, ark. Again, gain. Near, ear. Spray, pray. Yearn, earn.

No. 145.—Concealed Rivers: 1. Red. 2. Lena. 3. Obi. 4. Thames. 5. Amazon. 6. Ohio.

Business Caution.



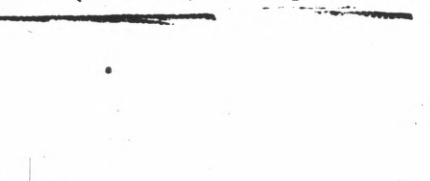
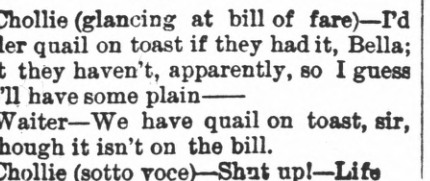
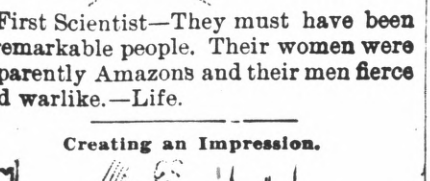
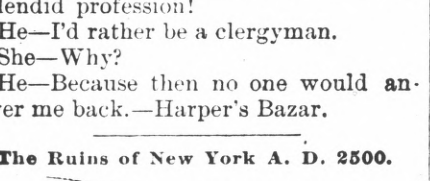
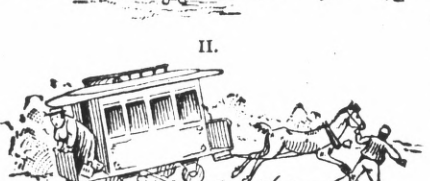
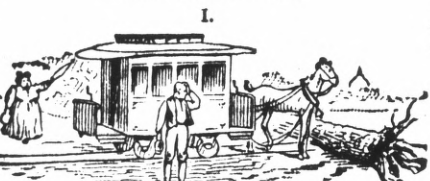
Grocer—Did you charge Mr. Heyson with that pound of tea?
Clerk—Yass, I'm sure I did.
Grocer—Well, charge him over again; you can't be too sure of a thing.—Life.

What He Wanted.



He—Have you heard the news? Yesterday morning Mary Dawson jumped into her father's carriage and eloped with the coachman.
She—What's her father done about it?
He—He has advertised, "Send back the horses and all will be forgiven."—Life.

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The People's Home Savings Bank retains the key of these safes, and once a month, or oftener if the savings amount to a dollar or more, the holder takes the safe to the bank, where it is unlocked in his or her presence, the money counted and placed as a deposit to his or her credit, when it begins at once to draw interest.

Any reputable person can have the use of one of these safes, free of charge, by leaving a deposit of \$1.00 as security for its safe keeping. The dollar will draw interest like any other deposit, and will be returned with interest when the safe is returned to the bank in good condition.

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Extensive line of Rosaries of Wood

Cocoa, Mother of

MADELAINE LEROUX.

(Continued from 6th Page.)

Madeline went on to the river bank. She was delighted with the beauty of the scene, and she proposed that they should dine under the bean arbor; but when she went up to explore the ruins the girl's happiness received another check. She learned that the landlady had declared herself unable to give more than one bedroom to the visitors. There were but two in the little inn, and the other one was occupied. Monsieur Henri had therefore settled to ride over on one of the landlord's horses to Saint Romain, to sleep there, and to return the next morning to accompany his friends back to Candebeec.

Madeline left her aunt chatting with Madame Roussel and went up to her bedroom. The girl felt dissatisfied with herself; it seemed ungrateful when so much amusement had been provided for her to feel discontented, and yet as soon as she reached the room which she was to share with her aunt she began to cry.

What should she do, she asked herself, when she went back to Rouen, if Monsieur Henri never came to see her, and he would not because he did not know her father and mother, and also because she had heard him tell her aunt that he must soon return to Paris.

"I wish I had never seen him, and then I should not have cared."

She sat thinking over every word that he had said to her, and she remembered how strangely he had hinted at her trouble.

"And yet he knew nothing about it, or he would not have asked me to tell him."

The stairs creaked under her aunt's footsteps, and Madeline quickly slipped on her dressing jacket and began to unfasten her long, dark coils of hair. It occurred to her that tonight would be a good opportunity of asking her aunt's advice. She did not feel able to listen to Aunt Virginie's favorite subject—the praises of Monsieur Henri.

"It would be dreadful if I were to cry before her," the girl thought. "She is so romantic there is no saying what she might not do."

While her aunt was busy examining the arrangement of sheets and the quality of the mattresses, Madeline said suddenly, "Aunt Virginie, do you remember what I said in my letter before I came?"

"You said you wanted some advice, child," Mademoiselle Chaumelle looked at her niece, but she could not see her face. Madeline was seated beside her bed, and the solitary candle only shed a faint light; besides, the girl had purposely brushed her hair over her eyes. Frank, straightforward Madeline had all at once become crafty.

"Yes, aunt," she paused. "Have father or mother written to tell you about it?"

Mademoiselle Chaumelle smiled. "About what?" she said. "They certainly have not told me any news about you, dear child."

"Not that they have found a husband for me?"

Madeline could not help laughing at the sudden alarm she saw in her aunt's face.

"Oh, my dear! my dear! you should have told me this sooner," and Mademoiselle Virginie clasped her hands in a sort of despair.

"Why, what difference would it have made?"

But Mademoiselle Chaumelle was not going to make any unwise admissions.

"Tell me," she said gravely, "does this plan please you, Madeline?"

"Not oh, no! I said I was too young to marry; and they said I must not be in a hurry, so I asked if I might not go to see you; but I am afraid my father wishes it very much."

"And your mother, does she wish it too?"

"She is so good, you know," said Madeline sadly; "she always wishes the same as my father. It was she who told me he had long been thinking about this, and waiting till I was old enough. I'm sure," she said in a heartbroken tone, "I am much too young to marry a man ever so much older than I am."

"How old is this proposed husband, and what is his name?"

"He is Monsieur Devrient. My mother said he was about thirty, but I saw him from the window the day I left home and I am sure he looked more than fifty."

"My dear Madeline, are you sure of this?" Aunt Virginie felt indignant with her brother-in-law and his wife.

"I could not be mistaken. I saw this gentleman come up the steps, and he staid a long time with father in his study; then, when I had seen him go away, I asked Victoire who it was, and she said it was Monsieur Devrient."

"I wish I had known; oh, how I wish it!" Aunt Virginie broke out so penitently, that her niece looked hard at her. She longed to ask a question, and yet she shrank from uttering it; she went on brushing her hair in silence till she saw that her aunt was ready to go to bed.

"Good night, my dear child," her aunt said.

Madeline swiftly crossed the room and put both arms around her.

"No, Aunt Virginie, that is cowardly! You should not go to bed till you have given me your opinion; you know I came to Candebeec on purpose to get it." Then she hid her hot face on her aunt's shoulder and whispered, "Did you mean that if you had known it you would have been less hospitable than you have been lately?"

Mademoiselle moved her shoulder so that she might see her niece's face. And what she saw did not reassure her. She kissed Madeline lovingly and patted her shoulder.

"Courage, dear child, and try to sleep," she said. "The fault has been mine; I shall therefore take the blame on my old shoulders. No, Madeline, for once you must do what I tell you; go to bed now and go to sleep."

Aunt Virginie could not sleep. She had seen that evening the parting be-

tween Monsieur Henri and her niece, and she felt sure that, as she expressed it, the mischief was done. "If I had only known!" she repeated to herself; but after awhile she reflected that this regret was a tacit reproach to the creature she loved best in the world—her darling Madeline. No, it was her own impulsiveness that had done the mischief. If Madeline had not seen so much of Monsieur Henri the child would not doubt have gone home, and after a time would have accepted the husband chosen for her by her parents; now that would be impossible.

"What can I do? I have just made life miserable for her by my folly," and she sobbed herself to sleep long after Madeline had entered into kaleidoscope dreams, in all of which Monsieur Henri figured.

Mademoiselle Chaumelle exerted herself to be cheerful at breakfast, but Madeline thought her aunt's manner to Monsieur Henri had changed since yesterday, she was so much more polite and ceremonious.

He did not seem to notice the change, but he devoted himself almost entirely to Mademoiselle Chaumelle till it was time to start homeward. The sky looked so dark and threatening that Aunt Virginie decided to have the carriage closed for homeward journey, and as there was only room for two inside this prevented any talk with their escort. Aunt Virginie told her niece that she had not slept well, and should try to get a nap as they drove home; she was really planning a way out of this terrible dilemma.

The only plan she could think of—and that seemed a feasible one—was to accompany her niece to Rouen and to confess her fault to her brother-in-law. Surely if this proposed husband had never seen Madeline his offer could be declined, and the child might for the present be left free.

Monsieur Henri is evidently in a position to marry; and surely they must wish for their child's happiness above all things.

When they reached Candebeec and found a letter from Monsieur Leroux saying that he should come next morning to fetch his daughter, Madeline felt how true her forebodings had been.

She was dismayed to hear her aunt say to Monsieur Henri: "Good night, monsieur, and thank you for all your kindness. Do not think me inhospitable if I say that we are engaged this evening, but it is the truth."

Madeline thought that Monsieur Henri looked mortified, and she tried to be extra friendly.

"Goodby," she said. "It is really 'goodby' this time; I am going home tomorrow."

"Goodby," he held her hand for a moment; but he spoke quite calmly, she thought. "Some day or other I have a fancy that we shall meet again."

IV.



"You are surprised to see me here."

Monsieur Leroux, a quiet, sensible faced man, arrived just as the aunt and niece had begun breakfast. He was unusually bright and cheerful, Madeline thought; and when his sister-in-law asked for a few words with him, he smiled blandly as he followed her out of the room.

"You will be ready to start very soon, I hope," he said to Madeline, as he went out.

The girl felt in a dream; she supposed she should wake up when she reached Rouen, then she must tell her parents she could never marry Monsieur Devrient, and everything would be miserable, unless, indeed, Aunt Virginie's remonstrances touched her father. But she had small space to think in. There was Joseph carrying down her luggage before she had put on her cloak and hat; she had only time to gather one last rose as a memory of her happy visit, to kiss and hug Aunt Virginie, who could hardly check her tears at parting; to bid adieu to the quaint old servants, and then she was on her way to the station at Yvetot, for in those days the old gray town beside the river had not been invaded by a railway.

Her father met with an acquaintance in the Yvetot diligence, who was also bound for Rouen, and Madeline had plenty of time for thinking before she reached home.

Monsieur Leroux lived in one of the new streets of Rouen, in a comfortable but very unpicturesque house—a sad contrast, Madeline thought, to her aunt's rose covered home. Her stepmother's affectionate greeting, however, made the girl feel rather happier.

She was in her room putting away the things she had unpacked and looking around at all her belongings, when a tap came at the door of her room.

It was Madame Leroux, and she looked, Madeline thought, unusually serious. The girl's hopeful nature was already struggling against her fears, and the worry she saw on her stepmother's usually serene face roused her cheerfulness.

"What is it, little mother? I see you want me at home again to keep up your spirits. Has Josephine been putting chichory in the coffee? Has the canary got out of its cage? Tell me what has happened?"

She kissed Madame Leroux as she spoke and put her arm around her.

Madame Leroux returned her kisses and smiled at her, but it was a poor effort.

"I am not vexed about anything, dear child. Perhaps I look serious because I have a message for you from your father; sit down and listen to it, my darling. I am to say to you that your father wishes you to look as well as possible this evening as some friends have been asked to dine with us. We thought it would be pleasant for you to meet Monsieur Devrient for the first time among others, but your father wishes you to be ready in advance. He will come down early, too, as he wants a few words with you before our guests arrive."

Madeline had changed color rapidly while she listened.

"I do not understand, mother. What is the use of my seeing this gentleman? Surely you remember that I said I did not want a husband; and then you advised me not to decide hastily, and I asked to go to Candebeec. I have never said I was willing to marry Monsieur Devrient; I cannot, I will not, marry him."

"Hush, dear child!" Madame Leroux spoke soothingly; "do not excite yourself. You will soon get to like Monsieur Devrient. You have been away more than a week, and your father has taken your silence for consent; if you meant him to decline this gentleman's offer you should have written at once."

"My father is!"—Madeline began vehemently, then she looked angrily at Madame Leroux. "Why did not my father tell me all this before he brought me away from Candebeec? I should have refused to come with him."

Madame Leroux rose from her chair.

"I was afraid you would not be reasonable, Madeline, and that was why I looked serious. Have patience, dear child; you will think differently by and by. Why do you not trust your father with your happiness? He has always been good to you. I am sure if, when you have seen Monsieur Devrient, you still say you cannot be happy with him, your father will leave you free."

"I will go and speak to my father at once," Madeline said quickly. "I saw Monsieur Devrient the day I left home as he was going from the house; he is too old for me."

"That was the father of Monsieur Devrient. Be reasonable, Madeline; you cannot see your father; he has gone out. We are to dine at five, remember; and now I must go out to buy fruit and flowers. You will find that I have had your white frock freshly trimmed for this evening."

She went away without waiting for an answer, and Madeline was glad to be alone. She was too angry to be unhappy; her father's treatment of her seemed to her too tyrannical for belief, and it was wholly unlike him. She was not angry with Madame Leroux; she knew that so devoted a wife would think it her duty to side with her husband. Madeline wondered for a moment whether her father's talk with Aunt Virginie had decided him to take this imperative course; but no, this dinner had evidently been arranged before her father came to Candebeec.

She sat, lost in sad thought, till it was almost time to dress; she had not moved, even to look at the "freshly trimmed frock" which was doubtless hanging in her wardrobe; she thought of it once with a feeling of disgust. "I would much rather make myself look ugly," she said.

Suppose, after all, she should find herself unable to dislike Monsieur Devrient. What would happen? Could she find courage to say to her father that she could not marry this gentleman because she was always thinking of some one else?

She hid her hot face in her hands. Even if she could say this it would not, she thought, be accepted as a reason, for she could not plead that Monsieur Henri cared for her. She would simply disgrace herself if she confessed how easily she had been won to think constantly of a man who had parted from her almost as though she had been a mere acquaintance.

Heavy footsteps outside her door roused her to decide on her conduct. Her stepmother had sent Victoire to warn her that it was time to dress, and the maid staid to help her.

Victoire held out the frock to be admired, and Madeline saw that it was charming, but she pushed it aside and told Victoire she did not want to talk. An idea had come to her which she considered an inspiration.

She would try, when she saw her father, to convince him that she was unwilling to marry Monsieur Devrient, and she thought if she disliked this gentleman all might go smoothly, but something warned Madeline that her stepmother's kindness and truth had never yet failed, and she could not forget the glowing terms in which Madame Leroux had described the proposed fiancé. But she was determined not to marry him; that could never be. She knew that there was an early train to Yvetot, and tomorrow, long before her father and mother were stirring, she should be safe with Aunt Virginie, and she should refuse to come home until her father promised to leave her in peace on the subject of Monsieur Devrient.

While she was dressing Madeline had become impatient for the interview with her father.

"Things always seem worse at a distance," she thought as she went down stairs. She met Madame Leroux in the entrance hall, and she slipped her hand under her stepmother's arm.

"You are coming with me; I am so glad."

"Your father is not in the drawing room, child. One of our visitors has come very early, so we must go in and receive him."

Madeline's hand was on the lock, and she opened the door and went in. She did not notice that Madame Leroux had stopped to speak to Victoire, she stood still, too much surprised to move forward. Monsieur Henri was in the room, facing her; he looked as bright and happy as possible. He took both her hands in his and drew her to a chair; in her intense surprise it did not occur

to Madeline that there was anything unusual in his doing so.

"But how—what?" She hesitated; she saw he was dressed for dinner: he was evidently an invited guest.

"You are surprised to see me here; I have the pleasure of knowing your father," he said; and then Madame Leroux came in and greeted her visitor as if he were very welcome. She soon left him to Madeline and went away to the window of the inner room.

"Why did you not tell me you knew them?" Madeline said reproachfully. "Why this mystery?"

He smiled at her.

"I had several reasons for my silence. For one thing, you never asked me—indeed, I may say that at the beginning of our acquaintance you so completely ignored me that I was obliged to talk only to Mademoiselle Chaumelle." Madeline blushed with shame. Monsieur Henri went on: "When we really began to talk, there was so much else to be said; but now, before the other guests arrive, I have something to say. May I say it?"

Madeline felt strangely agitated; she did not know what was the matter with her; it seemed to her that she must laugh and cry both at once.

"What is it?" she said faintly. She was sure now that he did not care for her; he was so calm and self possessed, while she was quivering from head to foot with the joy of seeing him again.

"I have found out your secret," he said, in too low a voice to reach Madame Leroux, who, good industrious woman that she was, had taken a bit of embroidery from her pocket and was sewing busily. Madeline longed to run away. She fixed her eyes on her hands, which lay clasped in her lap. She thought that unless she looked up at him he could not read her feelings in her face. "Yes," he repeated, "I have found out what you refused to tell me on the way to Tancarville. The 'horrid something' is a husband."

"Well?" She still kept her eyes fixed on her fingers.

"May I ask one question?"

Madeline nodded.

"Tell me, is your objection to Monsieur Devrient or to the mere fact of a husband?"

She looked up at last.

He was not laughing at her and he seemed very much in earnest. "For instance," he bent over her—"if a friend, you could trust—if I were to put myself in the place of Monsieur Devrient, would you think me 'horrid,' Madeline?"

Madeline's tongue seemed stiffened; she could not get out a word.

Monsieur Henri apparently read an answer in her eyes; he took her hand in his just as the door opened and Monsieur Leroux came in.

He looked at the lovers and then he bent down and kissed Madeline and shook hands with Monsieur Henri.

"Ah, I see it is all settled," he said. "I own frankly that your plan was a much better one than mine, Devrient, with such a difficult young woman."

Madeline started. She looked with frightened eyes from her father to Monsieur Henri. Her father was smiling, but her lover was very serious.

"Pardon me, my friend," he said to Monsieur Leroux, "but I had not come to that." Then he turned to Madeline and once more took her hand in his.

"You think you have been cheated," he said, "and treated like a child, but it is not really so; you must not think it. I had seen you, but you had not seen me, and I told your father I wished you to form your own opinion and to choose for yourself, as girls do in England, but I could not ask you to be my wife until you knew the truth."

"Come here, Leroux," his wife said, "your tie is crooked; let me straighten it." Then she whispered, "They will never get right while you stand staring at them both."

"Am I forgiven?" Henri Devrient whispered.

Madeline tried to frown and then to pout, but Monsieur Devrient did not seem alarmed by these efforts, and as he drew her to him very tenderly she hid her face on his shoulder.—Atalanta.

A Thrifty Maine Man.

In Oldtown is a man who is making money fast out of clams, though he is at present feeding the clams to his pigs. He keeps a hotel and has bonded a clam flat down around Mount Desert. His clams arrive each day. He keeps them two weeks, feeding them on celery meal and Indian meal. They laugh and grow fat. Then he boils them, a bushel at a time. He puts in a quart of water and takes out eight quarts. The water is strained and set aside for a day in a refrigerator. Then it is heated, seasoned with salt and pepper and sold for five cents a glass. He has a big trade.

A bushel of clams delivered costs sixty cents. He feeds them forty cents' worth. He gives a four ounce drink. There are thirty-two drinks in a gallon, and sixty-four drinks are secured from a bushel of clams. Net profit on a bushel of clams, \$2.20, and he sells on some days six gallons. Many try to imitate him, but no one knows how to feed the clams as he does. His pigs grow fast, moreover.—Boston Transcript.

Salvia Coccinea.

This is one of the oldest greenhouse sages and among the neatest growing of the entire genus. It is a freely branched kind, which forms a pretty little bushy specimen about eighteen inches high, and toward the end of the summer and in autumn it is plentifully studded with bright scarlet blossoms. Planted in the open ground, it is very attractive till spoiled by the rains and frosts of autumn. Not only is it very pretty treated in this way, but it also succeeds well in pots, and is valuable for the greenhouse at a time when many of the summer flowering things are past their best and before the chrysanthemums come in. Like most of its allies, this salvia is of easy propagation and culture, the principal thing to observe being that the plants do not receive any severe check, otherwise they are very liable to be attacked by insect pests.

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